Vol 7 The War Illustrated N° 174

Edited by Sir John Hammerton

SIXPENCE FEBRUARY 18, 1944

**SUPREME ALLIED COMMANDER S.E. ASIA** is Acting Vice-Admiral Lord Louis Mountbatten, G.C.V.O., D.S.O., Naval A.D.C. to H.M. the King, appointed Aug. 25, 1943. Former Combined Operations Chief, he helped plan famous raids at Vaagso, St. Nazaire and Dieppe. Aged 43, he has been in the Navy for 31 years. With him is Air Chief Marshal Sir R. Pierse, K.C.B., C.B., D.S.O. (left), who on Dec. 19, 1943, was announced commander of all combat units of the R.A.F. and U.S.A.A.F. in S.E. Asia (known as Eastern Air Command). He was A.O.C.-in-C. Bomber Command, 1940-42.

*Photo, British Official: Crown Copyright*

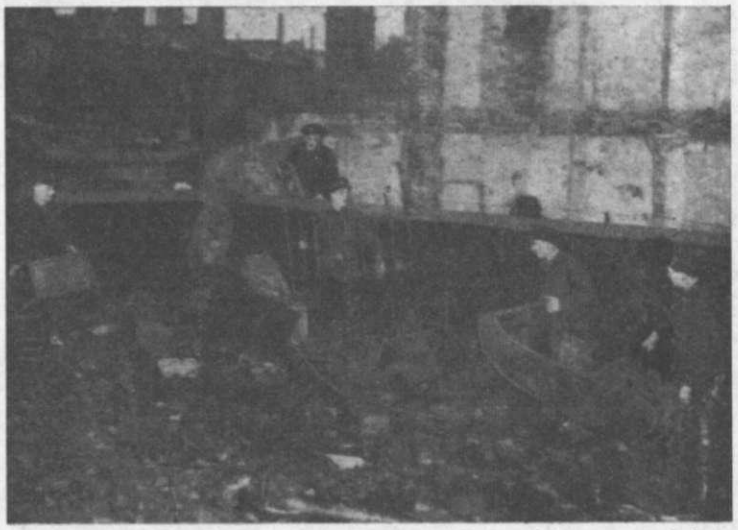
# Our Roving Camera Comes Back to London

**AMERICAN SOLDIERS** enjoy sightseeing trips and the novelty of an old-fashioned ride in this brightly-painted wagon driven through London streets by Mr. Henry Walter, 56-year-old ex-soldier wounded in the 1914-1918 war. He calls for his passengers each morning at the Washington Club, Piccadilly, in all weathers, and seldom starts without a full quota of sightseers.

**AT THE COLONIES EXHIBITION** opened in London on Jan. 17, 1944, Lt.-Gen. Sir William Dobbie, ex-Governor of Malta, and Lady Dobbie, visited the Malta section and inspected the George Cross, a replica of that which was presented to the Island on Sept. 13, 1942. (See pp. 586 and 587.)

**AUSTRALIA DAY SERVICE** for Commonwealth troops was held in the famous church of St. Martin-in-the-Fields, on Jan. 26, 1944. Royal Australian Air Force men march past Buckingham Palace (right) on their way to the service, which was also attended by the High Commissioner for Australia, The Rt. Hon. S. M. Bruce. The first contingent of Australian forces arrived in England on June 16, 1940.

**GUN-SITE "EMPTIES"** being collected (below) after the fierce anti-aircraft barrage of Jan. 21-22, 1944, which, with the toll exacted by our night-fighters, accounted for 16 out of some 90 German raiders on this country. Shells of all calibres fired in an average heavy barrage cost, approximately, £100,000. The empty cases can be re-charged and used again.



**NATIONAL FIRE SERVICE** static water tanks all over the country are being used as salvage dumps by idiotic folk whose disused fenders, old bedsteads and other oddments have to be fished out by hard-worked N.F.S. men after the water has been drained off, as above. Those who endanger the public safety in this manner are, in effect, saboteurs in their own country.

*Photos, British and Colonial News Service, Topical Press, Planet News, Fox, and Associated Press*

# THE BATTLE FRONTS

*by* Maj.-Gen. Sir Charles Gwynn, K.C.B., D.S.O.

**ITALY** The Nettuno landing entirely changed the situation in Italy. It must have been generally expected that sooner or later General Alexander would employ some such manoeuvre, but winter weather conditions made it impossible to foresee when it could be attempted or how far behind the enemy's front a landing might be possible—except that after our Salerno experience the attempt would almost certainly be made within operational range of fighter aircraft. The boldness of the enterprise and the risks accepted should be fully appreciated by those inclined to wonder why such an obvious manoeuvre had for so long been delayed.

The danger that a break in the weather might leave a small force stranded, cut off from reinforcements and supplies and without full air support, was undoubtedly great. Re-embarkation might equally have been impossible and the enemy could hardly have failed to inflict on us a serious reverse. As it was, the daring of the operation no doubt contributed largely to the flying start it gained, and the weather fortunately held at the most critical stage. It seems certain that Kesselring must have been convinced that the risks of a full-scale landing in winter were too great for General Alexander to accept.

Otherwise it is inconceivable that he should not only have left the section of coastline, where a landing in fine weather might obviously be attempted, inadequately guarded, but that he should have committed the main part of his immediately available strategic reserves to operations on his land front. As a result of his wrong appreciation of General Alexander's character he was caught badly on the wrong foot, and at the time I am writing it is yet to be seen how far he will be able to recover his balance. Allied supremacy in the air and complete command of the Tyrrhenian Sea were important factors in achieving surprise, but in the main it had a psychological basis.

THE timing of the 5th Army's offensive against the Cassino position, which preceded the landing, was admirable. It tied the enemy down and caused Kesselring to commit his main reserves, though whether to strengthen his position or to deliver a major counter-attack is still uncertain. The fierce counter-attacks he actually delivered after he had news of the landing were probably intended to reduce the pressure on his southern front while he was disengaging and regrouping his forces for a counter-stroke against the Nettuno beach-head. He probably realized that he had lost all chance of delivering a rapid counter-stroke in the critical three or four days after the landing, and as a second-best course sought to deliver it in strength and after deliberate preparation.

Meanwhile, he naturally used his carefully husbanded air reserves to disturb the Allied landing operations, and probably counted on a break in the weather which would have the same effect. The fact that the Allies were largely dependent on the small and indifferent port of Anzio obviously made it certain that some time would elapse before they could develop their full strength. Kesselring therefore had still a good chance of being able to deliver a powerful counter-stroke before the Allies could take the offensive in strength, and his chances were greatly improved by the number and strength of the positions on which the advance of the main body of the 5th, and 8th, Army could be held up. Moreover, he would probably have time to receive substantial reinforcements from Northern Italy.

IT was, therefore, clear from the beginning that although General Alexander's landing operation had achieved an amazingly good start, a crisis had still to be passed before it could be certain that it would achieve its strategical purpose. Much obviously depends on whether Allied air power can decisively affect Kesselring's movements and, in that also, weather is a factor of importance. He has the advantage of interior lines with favourable conditions to delay one of the armies opposing him while he strikes at the other. It is therefore all the more important to deprive him of the mobility on which successful exploitation of interior line strategy greatly depends.

Surprise has been expressed that General Alexander did not exploit the opportunity presented by his flying start to press farther inland. But such a course might have upset the complicated disembarkation programme without compensating results. Establishment of a secure well-stocked base was of a primary importance, and I hold that he was wise to keep to prearranged plans without being drawn into doubtful pursuit.

I have before now had occasion to point out that amphibious operations must pass through three stages before they can be considered completely successful—the initial landing; the establishment of a secure beach-head base; and finally the deployment of a fully equipped and well-supplied force capable of far-reaching offensive action. The third stage may prove to be the most difficult and take the longest time to complete. The first two stages have in this case, it is to be hoped, been successfully passed and co-operative action by the 8th and main body of the 5th Army should reduce the difficulties of the third stage. But encouraging as the success of the Nettuno landing has in many respects been it will, I hope, not lead us to under-estimate the magnitude of the task that awaits us in western Europe.

**ALLIED THRUSTS FROM NETTUNO-ANZIO BEACH-HEAD, west coast of Italy, where a landing was made on Jan. 22, 1944, and from the main Fifth Army front at Cassino, are indicated by arrows. By Feb. 7 our troops had pushed inland ten miles from the beach-head, taking Aprilia and menacing the Appian Way road to Rome. On the main Fifth Army front U.S. forces were fighting in the outskirts of Cassino, pivot of the Gustav Line.**

*By courtesy of The Daily Mail*

**RUSSIA** If the Nettuno landing has changed the situation in Italy the Leningrad offensive has brought about an almost equally great change in the situation in Russia. Not only has Leningrad been relieved after its long ordeal, but another great Russian force has been released for offensive operations. It always seemed probable that the Germans might be compelled to raise the siege of the city, either in order to shorten their front or because the communications of their northern armies were threatened by a Russian offensive in the centre.

Few can have expected, however, that the Russians in the course of a week could break into the great defences of the investing army and capture many of its elaborately fortified strongholds. It seemed that the utmost that could be expected from the defenders of the city would be a vigorous pursuit of a deliberate German withdrawal. The success achieved is one more sign of the immense resources and striking power of the Red Army which again the Germans appear to have under-estimated, with the result that they have again been surprised. Already they have suffered immense losses of men and material, and they are faced with the inevitable necessity of retreat under difficult, if not impossible, conditions.

It will need all their executive skill to extricate themselves without catastrophic disaster, and even should they rally on a shorter line it will not result in much economy of strength, since the Russians have gained increased liberty of action. It remains to be seen whether the German troops, which have for so long been on a static front, are in a fit condition to carry out an orderly retreat in the circumstances. The very fact that they have failed to hold the strongest defences leads one to suspect that some of them were of inferior quality, or had deteriorated greatly in a prolonged period of inactivity.

GERMAN troops on all fronts show no sign of deterioration in attack nor in defence where picked troops are involved, but there are certainly reasons to suspect that those normally used in a defensive role are becoming unreliable. Possibly the immense losses sustained during the last two years has caused a shortage of officers and N.C.O.s of the highest class, without whom deterioration of units is bound to set in.

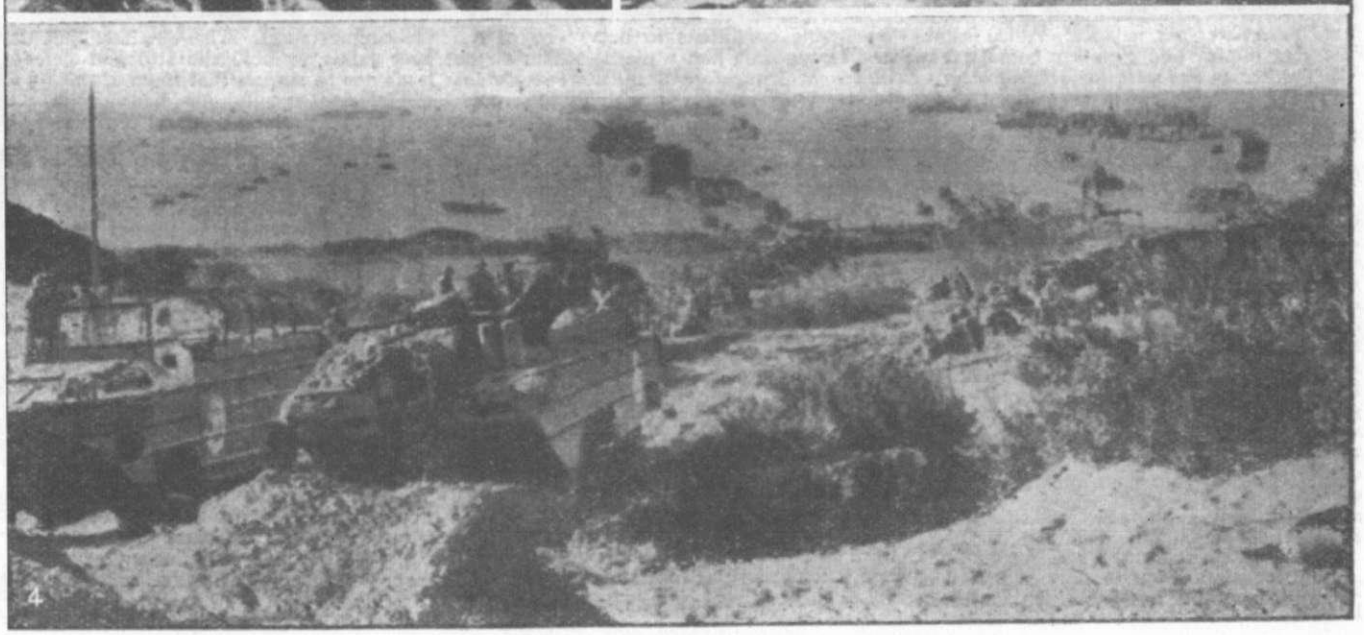
Obviously the more completely an army is drawn into intensive fighting the more its weaknesses will be revealed, for picked troops, so effective when concentrated for offensive action or to hold particularly vulnerable points, cannot be everywhere. In the situation which now confronts them the Germans may have reason to regret that their determination to exploit offensive strategy has led them to place excessive reliance on their storm troop policy.

# 5th Army Land at Nettuno 30 Miles From Rome–

**SURFRISE LANDING** by 5th Army troops at Nettuno on the west coast of Italy, some 30 miles south of Rome, on Jan. 22, 1944, outmanoeuvred the Germans. By Feb. 3 the Allied beach-head, with Anzio as its centre, had been widened to about 14 miles, with an average depth of 8 miles; the spearhead of the attack extending beyond that distance, with the British forces at the north-west in the area of Campoleone, and the Americans south-east of them near Cisterna, some 10 miles from the beach-head and close to the Appian Way, westernmost of the two main roads to Rome from the south.

Troops wade ashore from landing craft (1), and more arrive in "ducks" (4). These Germans (2) were among the first prisoners taken. General Alexander, C.-in-C. Allied Armies in Italy, who personally directed the operations at Nettuno, and Admiral Troubridge, commander of naval forces engaged, watch a sapper sweeping for mines (3). See story in p. 601.

*Photos, British and U.S. Official*



# —While from the S.E. our Main Forces Hit Hard

**CANADIANS** of a mortar section (1) of the 8th Army fire on German positions north of the Ortona area. The 8th's new Commander, Lieut.-General Sir Oliver Leese, K.C.B., C.B.E., D.S.O., is seen (2-left) talking to some of his senior British and Canadian officers shortly after his appointment on Dec. 30, 1943 (in succession to General Montgomery).

Crew of this heavy machine-gun (3) are members of the French Expeditionary Corps which has distinguished itself in fighting with General Mark Clark's 5th Army; the British infantrymen (4) advancing over rough country in the Cassino area, where the German Gustav Line was pierced on Jan. 31, 1944, after a three-day battle, are also of the 5th. By Feb. 2, our main forces were only a mile from the German defence bastion of Cassino. See map in p. 579.

*Photos, British, Canadian and U.S. Official*

# THE WAR AT SEA

*by* Francis E. McMurtrie

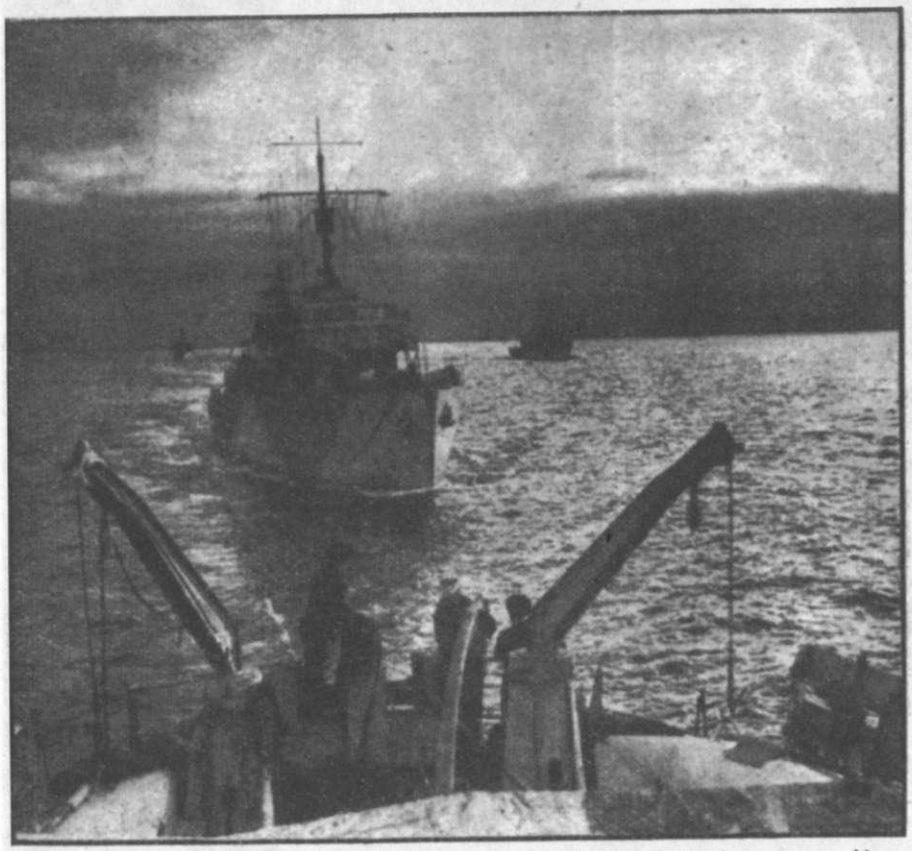
BRITISH submarines are now operating in the Far East. Last month one succeeded in torpedoing a Japanese cruiser of the Kuma class, of 5,100 tons, in the northern approaches to the Straits of Malacca. This does not mean that there is no longer scope for submarine operations in European waters, as illustrated by the torpedoing of the Tirpitz and Lützow in the Altenfjord, and frequent sinkings of Axis supply ships in the Mediterranean. It does imply, however, that we now possess a sufficient force of submarines to spare some for service with the Eastern Fleet.

In the Pacific the Japanese losses from the attacks of United States submarines must be causing grave concern in Tokyo. At regular intervals, and with increasing frequency, the Navy Department in Washington is able to announce the destruction of a number of enemy vessels in the course of a patrol carried out by an unnamed submarine. There are now something like 150 modern ocean-going submarines in the United States Fleet, exclusive of older craft of smaller size, suitable for coastal operations or training work. It may be estimated that from 40 to 50 of these ocean-going craft are always at sea, either operating in enemy waters or proceeding to or from their patrol stations. This number, moreover, is steadily increasing as more and more submarines are launched. Four went afloat on the same day from the Navy Yard at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, in January 1944.

A TIME must inevitably come when the mounting losses from Allied submarine attack reduce the tonnage of which Japan can dispose for supply and transport purposes to a point where it will no longer suffice to meet her urgent needs. Not only have her armies in Malaya, the Netherlands Indies, Indo-China, Siam and Burma to be kept supplied with stores and munitions, but the people of Japan itself need to be fed, for which a certain amount of imported rice is essential. Moreover, the maintenance of munition manufacture is dependent on the import of rubber and other necessities which the Japanese cannot, for various reasons, produce in their own country.

### DISMAL Prospect Indeed for Japan's Large Cities

Already it is believed that the rate at which Japanese shipping is being destroyed exceeds the capacity for replacement. Though Japan is thought to have begun the war with fully 5,000,000 tons of mercantile shipping, the operations which she has undertaken are so far-flung that the margin available to meet losses has probably been expended.



**KEEPING THE SEA LANES OPEN** is part of the work of the gallant little minesweepers. Mr. A. V. Alexander, First Lord of the Admiralty, stated on Nov. 11, 1943, that they had disposed of mines sufficient to have destroyed the British merchant fleet two or three times over. In sweeping they are frequently under enemy fire. H.M.S. Dornoch (foreground) about to begin a sweep; behind her is the Canadian-built Shippigan. *Photo, British Official*

ANOTHER method of attack which holds out a dismal prospect for the inhabitants of Tokyo, Osaka and other large cities is embodied in the orders recently placed for three giant American aircraft carriers of 45,000 tons displacement. Two were begun last year and the third is to be laid down shortly. These ships will be able to carry the largest types of bombers, involving a total weight of aircraft 50 per cent greater than in the 27,000-ton carriers of the Essex class. They will also be faster than previous aircraft carriers, and more elaborately divided into watertight compartments. It is believed that these three ships will all be in service next year, by which time other Allied resources may also be freed for concentration against Japan. This goes far to explain the gloomy tone which recent broadcasts from Tokyo have assumed.

Apart from the coming giants, the United States Navy is already able to dispose of a very large number of aircraft carriers. There are now in commission nearly 20 fleet carriers, of which three were completed before the war. These are the Saratoga, Enterprise and Ranger. New construction includes the Essex, Yorktown, Intrepid, Hornet, Franklin, Lexington, Bunker Hill and Wasp, all ships of 27,000 tons, carrying fully 100 aircraft each; and the Independence, Princeton, Belleau Wood, Cowpens, Monterey, Cabot, Langley, Bataan and San Jacinto, of about 10,000 tons.

It is questionable whether the Japanese have more than half a dozen fleet aircraft carriers, for they lost the majority of those they originally had at the Battles of the Coral Sea and Midway. They are still believed to possess the Syokaku and Zuikaku, of 20,000 tons, both modern ships, and two older ones, the Hosyo and Ryuzyo, though there is a possibility that one of the latter pair may have been sunk.

Three or four 15,000-ton ships which are reported to have been designed on Japanese "pocket battleship" lines, with a main armament of six 12-in. guns, may have been converted into aircraft carriers instead, but until evidence of their existence is forthcoming this must be regarded as problematical. In any case, the inferiority of the Japanese in aircraft carriers is very marked, and gives them little hope of victory in such operations as are now being vigorously conducted in the Pacific.

### BASES and Airfields in the Vast Pacific Spaces

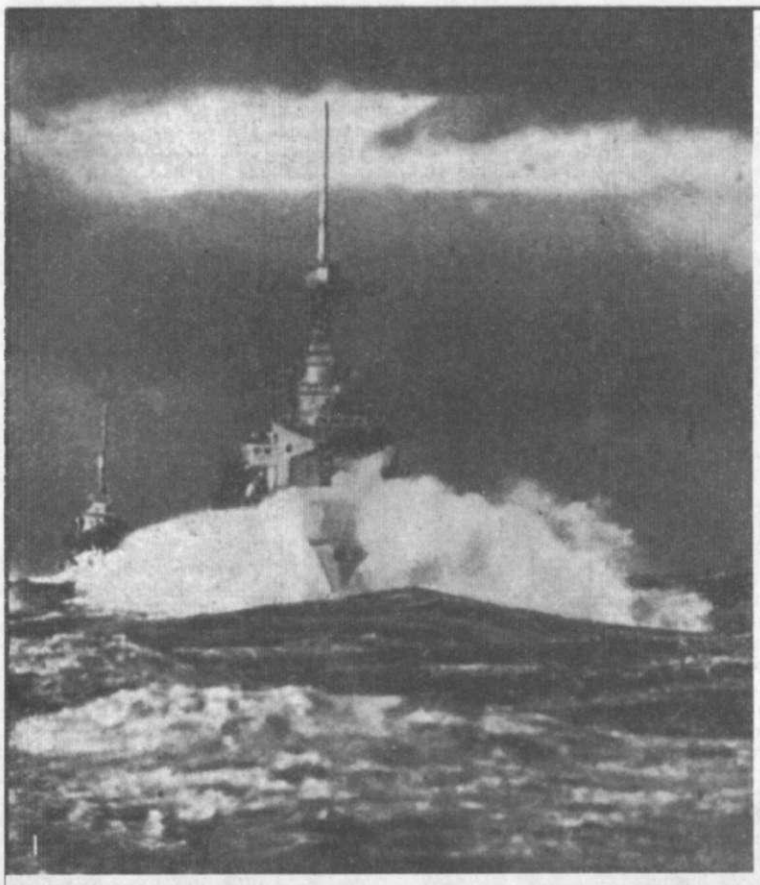
Nor do the foregoing figures take into account the large number of aircraft carriers of the escort type which the United States Navy has at its disposal. These are ships of between 7,000 and 10,000 tons, with speeds of between 16·5 and 18 knots. Though unsuitable for fleet work, they have proved invaluable in the Battle of the Atlantic. There are believed to be about 40 of them at present in service.

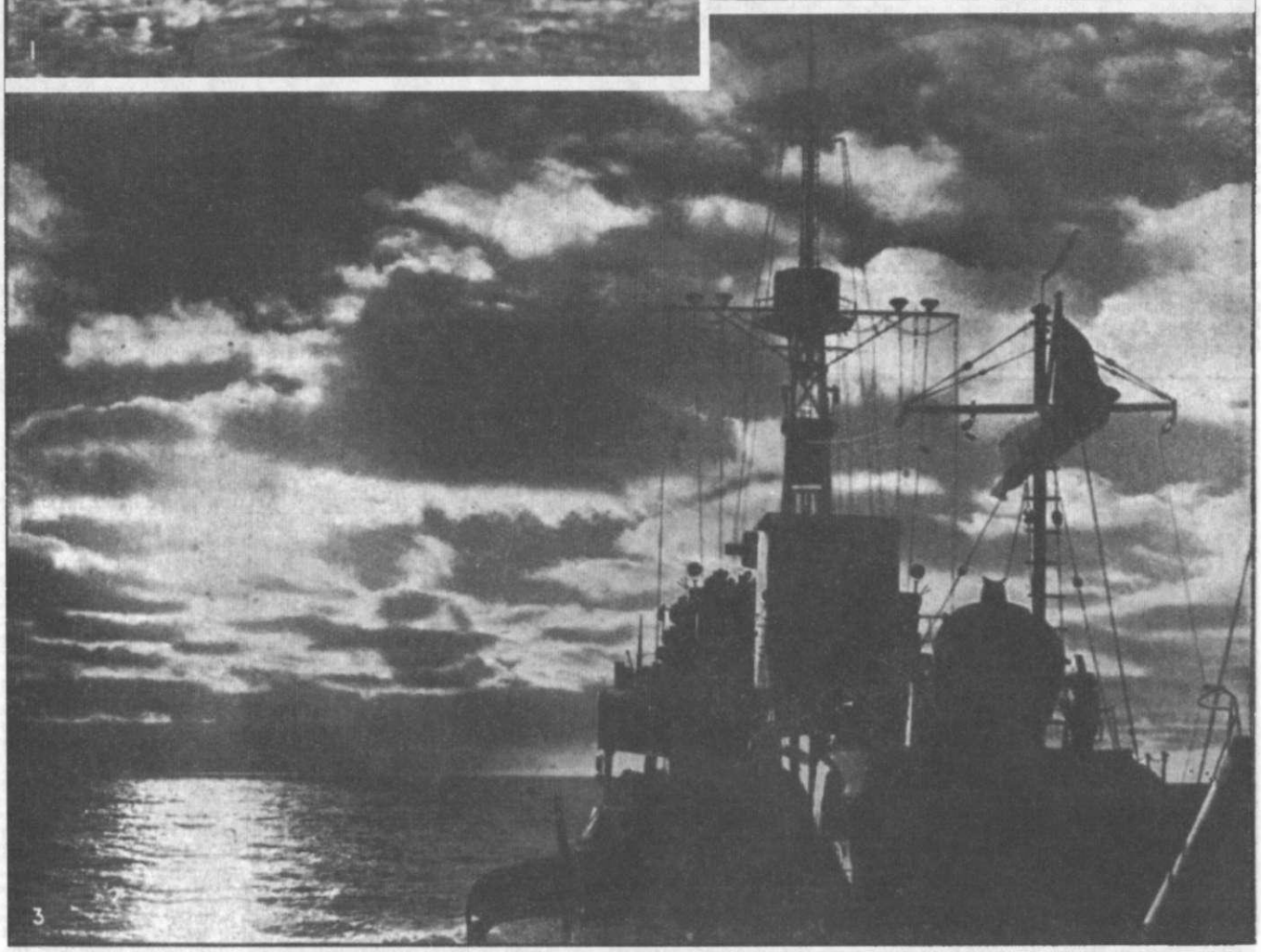
A fleet with such an abundance of aircraft carriers available is at a great advantage compared with an opponent less completely equipped. In the vast spaces of the Pacific, where bases and airfields may be separated by thousands of miles of sea, air reconnaissance must be undertaken by carrier-borne planes. With some hundreds of these, the U.S. Fleet is in an excellent position to launch an attack on the Japanese stronghold at Truk when the surrounding bastions, such as Kwajalein, Rabaul and Nauru, have been reduced. (See page 590.)

IN two quarters Allied Armies are advancing with the aid of Navies. The landing at Nettuno-Anzio, 30 miles from Rome, could not have been effected without naval support, both before and after the troops were ashore. In the Leningrad area the situation is similar, with the Russian warships supporting Soviet attacks on the retreating Germans.

So far the only Soviet ships mentioned by name have been the Oktiabrskaya Revolutia and the Petropavlovsk. The former is an old battleship of 23,000 tons, launched in 1912. She is armed with 12-in. guns of an obsolete pattern. Much more modern is the Petropavlovsk, this being the name given by the Russians to a cruiser acquired from the German Navy in January 1940, when Hitler was endeavouring to conciliate his future foes in Eastern Europe. She is a ship of 10,000 tons, which was designed to mount a main armament of eight 8-in. guns. It has been reported from Swedish sources that she now carries instead twelve 7·1-in. guns of Soviet manufacture.

# Royal Navy Rides Supreme in Northern Waters





**SUNRISE AHEAD OF H.M.S. MILNE** (3), one of the Navy's famous destroyers, from which these photographs were secured. She took part in the N. Africa landings on Nov. 8, 1942, and fought in the great convoy to Russia action in Sept. 1942, as the flagship of Rear-Adm. R. L. Burnett (see p. 317, Vol. 6). An icy scene on the deck of the Milne (2). One of the destroyers which attacked the German battleship Scharnhorst off N. Norway on Dec. 26, 1943 (see pp. 518-20) was H.M.S. Saumarez (1), here seen with H.M.S. Mahratta.



*Photos, British Official : Crown Copyright*

# Australia's Allied Works Council in Swift Action

**The Japanese threat of invasion urged Australia to embark on a programme of development, the like of which no man had previously conceived. The tremendous achievements cannot yet be divulged in full, by reason of security measures; but sufficient can be revealed for the Commonwealth's contribution to the Allied pool to be appreciated at least in part.** See facing page

WITH a total population of only 7,137,220, in an area of 2,974,580 square miles, Australia's problems when war loomed on her very shores were far from simple; they have not been lessened by the fact that 850,000 of her sons are now serving in the armed forces.

How the Commonwealth's economic, industrial and human resources were so marshalled as to ensure defence—and preparations for ultimate attack—on the most determined scale makes a success story seldom equalled. A defence programme had to be organized almost overnight. In a normal year prior to 1939-1940 development work by the Commonwealth Government amounted to a mere £2,100,000; from February 1942 to June 1943 no less than £56,000,000 was spent out of an authorized sum of £85,500,000 for capital works associated with defence.

This transformation in effort came about when, faced with the Japanese menace, Mr. Curtin, the Australian Prime Minister, put into motion machinery to evolve an organization known as the Allied Works Council. This was established by National Security Regulations promulgated on February 26, 1942, to provide for and carry out the colossal requirements of the Chiefs of Staff. (Hitherto, execution of the Australian defence works programme had been the responsibility of a Works Directorate, under the control of the Minister of the Interior.) At once a gigantic "behind the lines" construction effort was inaugurated. Given the task of building, extending and maintaining roads, docks, wharves, aerodromes, munition plants, ammunition depots and repair sheds, oil storage installations and pipe-lines, stores, warehouses, camps, hospitals and other war essentials, the Council went swiftly to work.

AMONG the most vital arteries of war are roads, of which in 1939 the Commonwealth had 500,000 miles; to these have been added, in the few months since the Council's birth, some 5,000 miles of strategic highway for the speedy passage of Australian and United States troops: equivalent to a roadway from the southernmost point of the mainland to Tokyo. Vast areas which had never known the mark of a wheel resounded (and still resound) to the clangour of bulldozers and mechanical scoops gouging out pioneer trails. In their wake toil armies of workers turning the tracks into broad highways paved with gravel or bitumen.

Across the "dead heart" of the continent, a waterless desert, they drove the 400 miles Northern East-West highway, and found water, the greatest of all necessities to the "outback"; 931 miles of the Queensland Inland Road have been completed; and the North-South Transcontinental Road, last link of 980 miles. These are three outstanding achievements in the face of obstacles including blazing desert heat, tropical disease, treacherous swamps, and floods caused by torrential rains.

Where now battle planes are lifting into the sky, and touching-down again after participation in round-the-clock attacks on Japanese positions north of the mainland, were unexplored blocks of primeval forest and almost impenetrable bushland. From these unpromising sites have been hacked out, by bulldozers and tractors, runways by the score; and whilst the mechanical monsters did their clearing and levelling, there were run-up aerodrome buildings, complete to the last detail.

Hospitals are, unfortunately, a concomitant of war. Near cities and large towns these have sprung up in miraculous fashion, and immense healing centres have been established, even in remote and sparsely populated areas where such institutions were entirely lacking. Much of the construction is, naturally, of timber, and such is the urgent demand for wooden structures of all kinds that the development of prefabrication methods has had to be speeded up to keep pace with ever-increasing requirements. Hospitals, hangars, stores, and other great building projects for which precious steel could not be spared owe their existence now to Australia's woodmen and craftsmen.

**HON. E. G. THEODORE, former Federal Treasurer retired from political life, undertook the great task of controlling the Allied Works Council, of which he is now the Director-General.**

The provision of food for front-line troops in the Pacific is being largely solved by dehydration plants planned on a most extensive scale. Refrigeration depots have been established at strategic points. Flax mills have come into operation where previously there was no form of industry.

All this immense scheme of wartime development work, still continuing at utmost speed, hangs on a sufficient labour supply; without organization of workers little could have been achieved. And so in April 1942 the Allied Works Council was empowered to form the Civil Constructional Corps as an emergency measure. Consisting of compulsorily called and volunteer personnel from all walks of life, the Corps now has a total membership of more than 50,000 workers.

Construction camps, forming Corps centres, now dotted all over the continent, are under the strict control and direction of the Personnel Directorate of the Allied Works Council, so this "army behind the Army" experiences very little of the rough conditions for which construction camps hitherto were noted. Not that the work is all in the "collar and tie" class, as the 2,500 men who drove 500 miles of new highway through the tropical region of northern Queensland in three and a half months will testify; a feat all the more commendable when it is noted that 80 per cent of the workers had never before been engaged on road-making.

THEY laboured in torrential rains: a fall of 9 inches in October, 28 inches in November, 12 inches in December, 11 inches in January. A river broke its banks and spread for 28 miles. At one camp floodwaters surrounded the men for three weeks; one workman became lost, and other members of the Corps welded together galvanized iron sheets to form a boat, and set out in search of him. Sixty hours later they discovered him perched in a tree-top which was just visible above swirling muddy water.

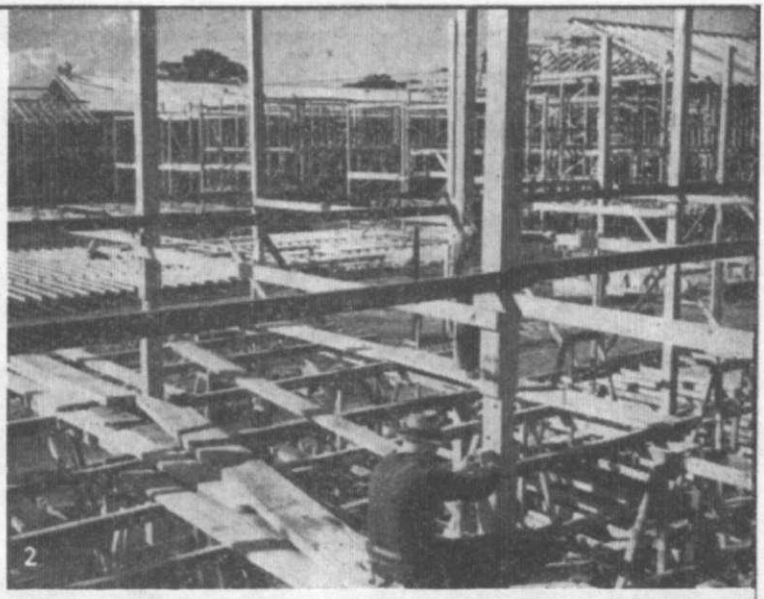
At another camp a worker developed appendicitis. An operation was needed to save his life. A plane used on the road work for communication and observation landed on a hastily constructed emergency runway, took the man aboard and flew him to hospital just in time.

Examples of team-work and co-operation in the ranks of the Civil Constructional Corps could be multiplied almost indefinitely: a spirit auguring well for the post-war years if it can be fostered and maintained. And in these mighty works of development and construction, enforced by total war, the Australia of tomorrow will reap advantages which should place the Commonwealth among the top-ranking nations of the earth.

**JUST ONE OF MANY RUNWAYS in North Australia built since the outbreak of war by the Allied Works Council; in the background is an American Flying Fortress. Hundreds of strategically placed airfields and landing-grounds have been hewn out of primeval forests and bushland and buildings run up, to facilitate attacks on Japanese positions north of the mainland.**

*Photos by courtesy of the Australian Government*

# Vast Tasks of Australian Civil Construction Corps



**AUSTRALIA'S ALLIED WORKS COUNCIL,** through the labours of the Civil Constructional Corps, as outlined in the facing page, has effected a mighty change in the wartime face of the Commonwealth. Corps workers are seen spreading gravel over the surface of a newly constructed airfield (1), erecting the framework of an Army barracks (2), building a vast hospital for Australian and United States troops (5), and roofing a gigantic oil-storage tank (3) in Central Australia for Allied use. One of the great new strategic highways (4) for the swift movement of troops and war supplies crosses the continent from the centre to the northern coast. Eighty per cent of the Corps members employed on roads were strange to the work, yet contracts were completed in record time.

*Photos by courtesy of the Australian Government*

# Britain's Colonies in the War: No. 1—Nigeria

AT IBADAN, WEST AFRICA, Nigerian chiefs meet to discuss increased war production. The quaintly titled The One of Ife, Aderemi I, C.M.G. (2, extreme right), was elected president of the conference; Chief Omarin of W. Urhobo (1) and The Pere of Akugbene (3) are seen arriving; the conference in session (4). The Colony's principal contributions are rubber, and palm kernels for oil; many recruits have been raised for the Royal W. African Frontier Force, and large sums have been collected for the purchase of planes for the R.A.F.



*Photos, British Official*

# Columbite from Nigeria Makes Warplane Steel

**A MINERAL NOW IN GREAT DEMAND** by our American allies, who use it in making special steels for aircraft construction, columbite (containing tantalum and niobium, found in association with tin ores) until recently was regarded as of slight commercial value. Its rise to importance for alloying steel has led to the opening of many mines in Northern Nigeria, giving employment to hundreds of natives. Labourers carrying headpans from which they have emptied rubble are seen at work at one of these mines.



*Photo, British Official : Crown Copyright*

# Bessarabia Has Its Problem for the Allies

Incorporated within the Soviet Union since June 28, 1940, Bessarabia has a population of 2,867,000, with Rumanians (1,609,000) and Russians (353,000) predominating. For years this province of 17,150 square miles, in the Black Sea region, has been a bone of contention between Russia and Rumania; the problem is discussed here by HENRY BAERLEIN.

We have heard a good deal about countries and provinces whose misfortune it is to possess a more or less obstreperous alien minority; and perhaps Bessarabia, of which we shall probably be hearing much in the near future, can claim in this respect a sad pre-eminence. For while in the northern half the Rumanians predominate, the southern portion is a strange mosaic of Rumanians, Ukrainians, Germans, Bulgarians, and even Poles and Swiss.

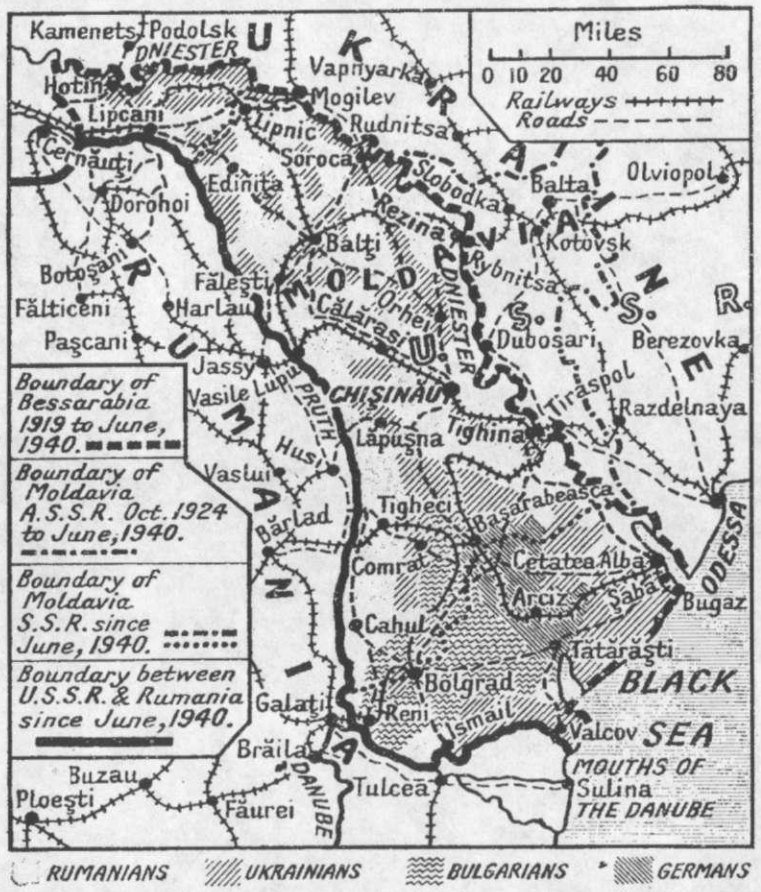
When Russia occupied the country in 1812, the Turks being driven out, the Tsar's former French master, a Swiss called La Harpe, toured the land and discovered that near the old Turkish settlement of Akkerman (Cetatea Alba) the soil, red in colour, much resembled that of his own vine-growing part of Switzerland. He obtained the Tsar's permission to secure for its cultivation some of his countrymen, and today the little town of Saba, after many vicissitudes, is still inhabited by Swiss vine-growers, who were more prosperous when their wine supplied the Russian market than when, after the last war, Bessarabia became a Rumanian province and its products had to compete with Rumania's excellent other wines.

The wisdom of that Tsar was displayed in placing the south Bessarabian villages always about fifteen miles from each other, so that, with some exceptions, they have dwelt in amity with their neighbours. And Russia, having administered the province for more than a century, does not see why this should not continue. She points out that Odessa is the natural outlet for Bessarabian cereals, fruit and cattle, while it is to Odessa that the Bessarabian railways converge. The U.S.S.R. always felt Bessarabia to be part of the old Tsarist territory, and hence did not acknowledge the decision of the Bessarabian Diet (taken in 1918) for union with Rumania.

That was a time when conditions in Russia were very liquid, when the Russian armies, devoid of discipline, were not welcome sojourners in Bessarabia, and when the local population of the whole province argued that half the three millions were Rumanians, the next largest entity, the Ukrainians, not amounting to more than one-fifth. During the interval between the two world wars Bessarabia remained in Rumania, with Russia protesting, and with the river Dniester that separates them not available for traffic.

The railway bridge across the river at Tighina was destroyed by the Rumanians, while the Russians established on their side of the river a Moldavian (i.e. Rumanian) Soviet Republic; for on the left bank of the Dniester are many folk of Rumanian origin, and it was hoped that they would be as a magnet to Bessarabia. Of course, the Government in Bucharest forbade their people in Bessarabia to cross the river; when they did so by night they were lavishly entertained by the Russian authorities.

Can this question, the ownership of Bessarabia, be solved to the satisfaction of both parties? Some of the experts have suggested that the central part should go to Rumania, while Russia should have the south, giving her access to the mouths of the Danube, which she has never ceased to desire, and should also have the north of the province where the Ukrainian population is in the majority. Another solution consists in a transference of populations, and it is a fact that on the left bank of the Dniester there are more Rumanians than there are Russians on the right bank.




**NEARNESS OF RUSSIANS to Rumania brings into prominence the position of Bessarabia. Originally a province of the Principality of Moldavia, constituent part of Rumania, it was taken by Russia in 1812, returned to Rumania in 1856, lost again by her in 1878, regained in 1919, and incorporated within the Soviet Union in June 1940.** *Specially drawn for* THE WAR ILLUSTRATED

Moreover, there are people of Russian origin on the right bank, the Lipovani, who would prefer to stay where they are, not because they would nowadays suffer on account of their religious practices that were obnoxious to Peter the Great and caused them to seek refuge in these remote parts, but because their livelihood, hunting the sturgeon and producing the delectable caviar, binds them to Valcov, that second and miniature Venice. The Lipovani are so steadfast that even today they do not smoke because it was an indulgence of Peter's; they compensate themselves by taking large quantities of vodka.

One obtains a good idea of the terrain of Bessarabia when it has rained, for when this had happened during our last night at Valcov we had to telephone to various villages on our proposed route northwards to inquire if the roads were passable; and our smallish American car had the high-powered engine essential to the negotiation of those soft, sandy tracks. We received reassuring answers, but we often had to desert the road in favour of the adjoining fields, the ditches of which were a trap for our springs; and in one village, on the flat, we had to put a chain on the wheels; in another, our skilful driver had to charge an incline three times before we conquered the mud and the vast ruts. There is no stone in Bessarabia, so that the making of good roads is always extremely costly.

In the north-west the country is traversed by well-wooded offshoots of the Carpathians. Generally, however, Bessarabia (which, of course, has nothing at all to do with Arabia, its name being derived from an important family, the Bessarabs, of other days) on the whole is an undulating, fairly fertile plain on which the breeding of cattle is the chief business, with other exports in the shape of salt, wool and tallow, while leather, soap and candles are manufactured there.

I shall not soon forget a visit to the archiepiscopal soap factory, just behind His Beatitude's palace at Kishinev (Chisinau), the capital, for I had some difficulty in declining the gift, as a souvenir, of a church candle rather larger than myself, with which I would presumably have been destined to travel until the heat of the sun had rendered it less formidable.

Kishinev (Chisinau) certainly has the air of a Russian city, with enormously wide streets and with an hotel, the Londra (i.e. London), whose corridors are almost as spacious. Everything except the prices seemed to be exaggerated, and the cosmopolitan character of the town was clear in the picture-houses, for the actors in the mainly American films spoke English (which scarcely anyone understood), the pictures had captions in Rumanian, and a blackboard at one side gave a Russian translation.

Water-melons, tobacco, barley, flax, saffron and madder are among the products of Bessarabia, whose peasants ask only to be left alone, whether a Russian or a Rumanian flag flies over them. Too often since the Turks departed—after a regime which lasted for more than three centuries and of which certain picturesque fortresses along the Dniester are reminders—has the province been assigned to this and then to that power; the Treaty of Paris, for instance, giving it to Moldavia, the Berlin Congress of 1878 returning it to Russia. At various times the southern Danube ports have been transferred and re-transferred, so that one hopes that at last, when Europe is considered calmly after this war, a permanent solution will be found.

# Govorov's Guns Break Nazi Leningrad Line

**GREATEST BARRAGE OF THE WAR** heralded yet another Russian offensive, launched from Leningrad (announced on Jan. 18, 1944), which city the Nazis harassed with guns emplaced south of Oranienbaum. Massed Soviet artillery smashed German defences covering the approaches to the Baltic States, and on Feb. 1 our Ally's advancing forces captured Kingisepp, 75 miles south-west of Leningrad, and, developing their successes north and south, later crossed the Estonian frontier, while other troops menaced Luga, pivot of the entire German salient. The enemy was cleared from the whole length of coastline from Leningrad to the mouth of the Luga, which the Russians had crossed.

Guns that opened the offensive are seen (4) blasting German positions. Red Army reinforcements march through Leningrad's suburbs (1), and snow-camouflaged, self-propelled guns cross the great Strike Square (3). Commander of the victorious Russians, artillery expert Gen. Govorov (2) also broke the Mannerheim Line in Finland in Feb. 1940.

*Photos, Planet News*

# Pacific Stronghold Bases Japan Must Defend

After the Japanese struck at Pearl Harbour, on Dec. 7, 1941, the world learned with astonishment of naval and military installations in the Carolines and other Pacific island groups owned by Japan. DONALD COWIE indicates the importance of these bases, and reveals the secret construction in the Truk atoll of naval accommodation for half the Japanese battlefleet.

I WELL remember my first acquaintance with the Truk atoll. We were talking in the saloon of a ship that was carrying us through the South Seas, when one man actually claimed to have visited the mysterious interior island of the Japanese Caroline group. "It is another Wilhelmshaven," he declared, "bristling with guns, battleships in the lagoon, great air-strips and oil-tanks in the jungle." And did we laugh !

Yes, I am afraid we did (though, significantly, some of us were later refused permission by the Japanese to visit that atoll), and thus we allowed ourselves to be lulled, with the rest of the world, into a feeling of Pacific security. It was obvious enough that the Japanese would never be able to make real bases from those scanty islands, which, as mandates from the League of Nations, had been their principal reward for joining us in the 1914–1918 war.

And it has been from those bases in the Caroline, Marshall, Palau and Ladrones Islands that our enemies have successively raided Pearl Harbour, taken the Philippines and Dutch East Indies in flank, and penetrated through New Guinea and the Solomons nearly to Australia and New Zealand. We also know, with relief, that Allied amphibious expeditions have already begun to assault, in strength and successfully so far, the outer bastions of those mysterious Gibraltars, Wilhelmshavens and Portsmouths of the remote South. But what else do we know?

HERE are some of the bleak facts which tantalize Service chiefs when considering the region. The groups of Japanese islands under discussion lie, most conveniently for their owners, between Japan in the north and New Guinea in the south, between the Philippines in the west and the British-owned (and recently recaptured) Gilberts in the east. They are 935 nautical miles south of Yokohama, 1,215 nautical miles north of Cooktown, Australia, 485 nautical miles east of the Philippines, and 1,920 west of Hawaii.

They consist, in all, of some 1,400 islands, but their total land area does not exceed 1,500 square miles ; and generally they comprise a particularly useless and uninteresting type of oceanic pinprick, lacking any great mineral, agricultural or forest wealth. They are administered from Koror, an island of the Palau group in the West Carolines, and subsidiary governmental headquarters are at Truk atoll and Ponape in the East Carolines, Jaluit in the Marshalls, Yap and Palau Islands in the West Carolines, and Saipan in the Ladrones.

A dull and valueless picture? But that, as we now know, is precisely what the Japanese have desired to instil in our minds. Perhaps we would have been wiser all along to concentrate upon the weird reputation of Truk atoll for creating typhoons. Not only does this atoll (consisting of over 200 small islands) boast the largest coral reef in the world, but it has been identified by meteorologists as the birthplace of most of those great, circular wind-storms, sometimes 500 miles in diameter, which periodically sweep across the entire Pacific area. Being at the original centre of these, however, Truk is always deceptively beautiful and calm.

## Vast Construction Works

Behind the sparse guide-book facts are the certainties now that ever since the 1914–1918 war, while refusing proper inspection facilities to League representatives, Japan has been most efficiently transforming the best of those islands into formidable bases.

Strongest of all is Truk, where the vast, unrippled lagoon within the great coral reef shelters at this moment perhaps half of the entire Japanese battlefleet, hundreds of ships attended by all the clangorous facilities of yard, basin and workshop. A huge paper town, that might have been transplanted direct from Japan, covers the white-sanded land beneath the palm trees. The native Kanakas, now nearly outnumbered in all these islands by their swarming masters (the Japanese population increasing by some 9,000 a year while Micronesian statistics remain stationary), provide sullen labour for endless construction works.

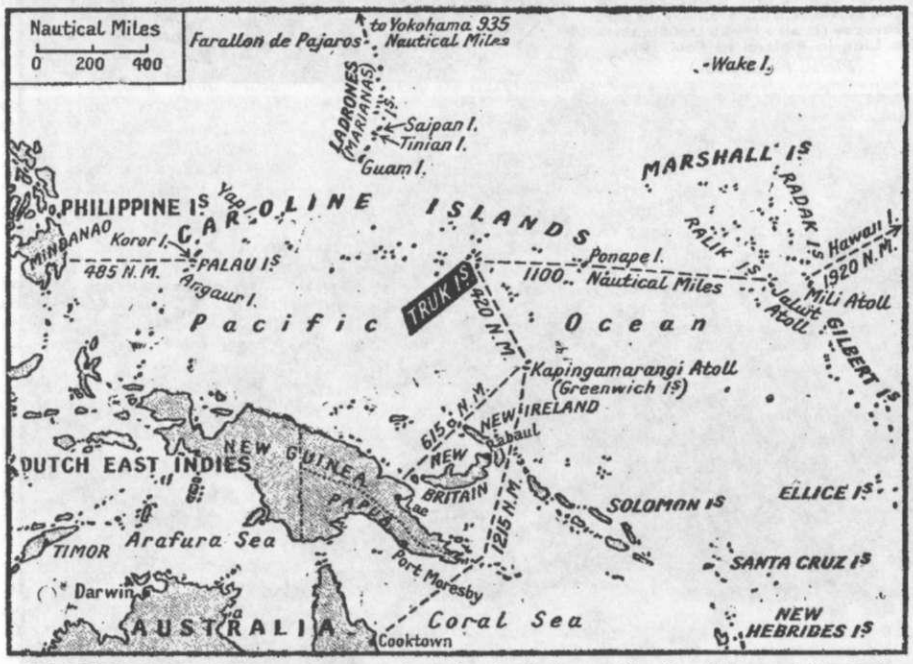
Truk atoll possesses not only the great naval base but also a large military aerodrome, and seaplane anchorages, submarine shelters, storage tanks, barracks for the temporary housing of thousands of soldiers on their way south, east, west. Upon this single base rests the security of the entire Japanese position in the South-west Pacific, as that of our own position in the East Indies depended upon ill-fated Singapore. That is why the Japanese fleet sticks to the base as much as possible and has not yet been lured out to full-scale action by our tentative operations in the New Guinea and Gilberts areas. It is also why we are making every effort so to provoke a naval clinch by jabbing air-sea raids against Truk's main outliers.

There are subsidiary Japanese bases in the atolls of Jaluit and Mili (numerous islands enclosed by two big reefs) and in that of Kapingamarangi or Greenwich Island. The first two are in the east, near the Gilberts, and contain lagoons adapted for flying-boats as well as harbours for warships and merchantmen. It is probable that the aircraft and shipping have already been disturbed by the continuous, recent raids of the Americans from the Gilberts. Doubtless the next step will be to occupy Jaluit and Mili, after which there will still be a 1,100-nautical-mile journey to Truk atoll, via many other islands, notably Ponape, about two-thirds of the way : an island which has more vegetation than the others, some extraordinary monuments of the Easter Island variety dating back to an unknown civilization, and more recent Japanese efforts to intimidate aesthetic man.

THE Kapingamarangi atoll is an isolated group 420 nautical miles south-east of Truk atoll and 615 nautical miles north-east of our positions in New Guinea. As such it has proved a perfect half-way house for the Japanese coming down to Rabaul in New Britain, and as such it will doubtless be an early objective of General MacArthur's forces after Rabaul has been taken. Already the atoll has been visited by a Liberator or two ; these have done damage and brought back photographs of lagoons crowded with shipping and aircraft and of ant-like activity under the palms.

It is early yet to speak of Truk's main outliers in other directions, towards the Philippines and Japan itself, but we must be prepared to deal eventually with similar bases at Saipan and Tinian in the Ladrones Islands ("Thieves" Islands is the literal translation) which provide a series of stepping-stones to the Japanese mainland. The Palau Islands, towards the Philippines, contain the valuable phosphate island of Angaur, and bases in the islands of Yap and elsewhere. Then isolated Guam, in the Ladrones, will invite the special attention of Americans—who lost it on their entry into the war and who will require it again for its anchorage and airfield.

Is it likely that Admiral Nimitz and General MacArthur, when they have finally uncovered the secrets of these strongholds, will proceed to a direct assault upon Japan ? It is not. President Roosevelt has himself pointed out that if we took an island once a month it would "take 50 years to reach Tokyo." What we want is that battlefleet at Truk. An American naval spokesman said the other day : "When Truk is threatened, I am sure the Japanese fleet will be drawn into action, which is our paramount objective."



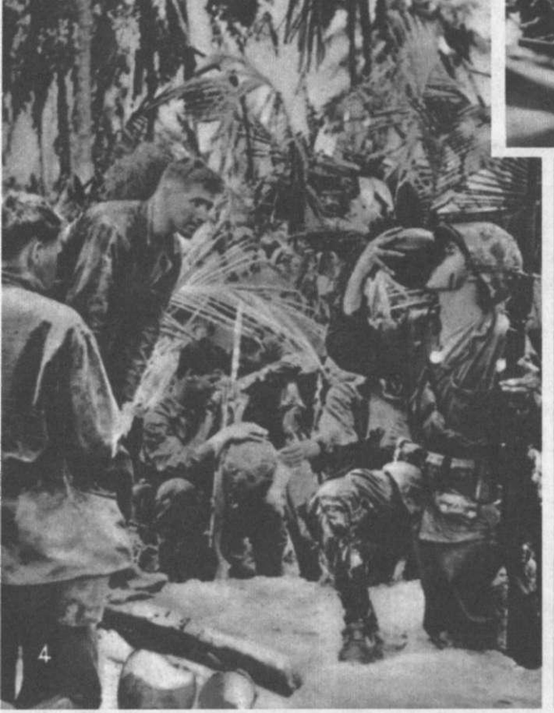

**STRATEGIC KEYPOINTS** are Japanese bases in the Ladrones, Caroline, Palau, and Marshall Islands ; dotted lines show the relative distances between them and Yokohama, Cooktown (Australia), the Philippines and Hawaii respectively. It was announced on Feb. 1, 1944, that the Marshall Islands had been invaded by U.S. troops; from that position elimination of Truk could be made easier.

*Specially drawn for* THE WAR ILLUSTRATED

## *Still They Call it Pacific!*

Fighting one of the bloodiest engagements, so far, of the Pacific campaign, Nov. 20–24, 1943, United States Marines at cost of heavy casualties wrested from the Japanese the atolls of Makin and Tarawa, in the Gilbert Islands. Awaiting their turn to land on Makin are (1) Marines aboard a transport; pushing on after the retreating enemy they saw this derelict flying boat (3), and dummy artillery (2) constructed of palm trunks—a device of the crafty Japanese to give to distant observers a false impression of overwhelming fire-power.

*Photos, New York Times Photos, Planet News, Keystone*



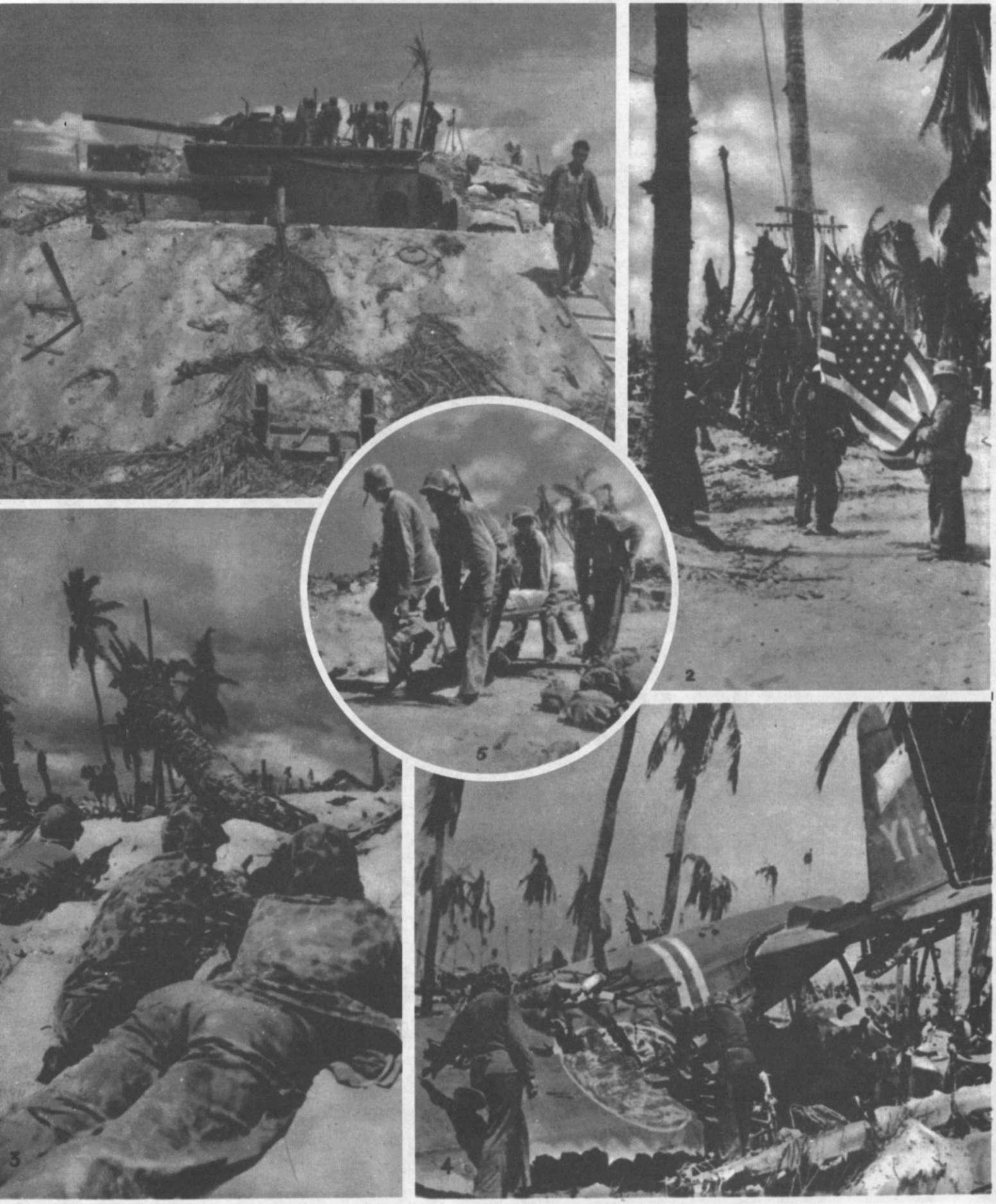
***U.S. Marines Assault Bougainville Island—***

Foothold gained at Empress Augusta Bay, Bougainville Island, in the Solomons, on Nov. 1, 1943, United States Marines have engaged the Japanese garrison in stern fighting throughout the ensuing weeks. From one of the many landing craft (1), with anti-aircraft gun sweeping the sky, Marines wade landwards (2) for the initial attack, and halt for a moment on the drive inland for a refreshing drink of coconut milk (4), whilst amphibious tanks patrol the captured shore (5).

*Photos, Associated Press, Keystone, Planet News, New York Times Photo*

***—Last Japanese Stronghold in the Solomons***

With doors gaping wide (3) a giant landing craft disgorges supplies for the invading Marines ; a tractor hauls a loaded trailer from the vessel's interior, whilst other tractors move landed ammunition and stores up-beach. A bomb-blasted area (6) near the Bougainville front lines gives to reinforcements plain evidence of the advantages of cover afforded to the Japanese defenders ; even at a short distance the Marines are scarcely distinguishable against the background of tangled foliage.




## Stars and Stripes Run Up at Tarawa

*Photos, Keystone, New York Times*
*Photos, Associated Press*

The Japanese lost their chief air base in the Central Pacific Gilbert Islands when U.S. Forces captured Tarawa, killing or capturing every enemy encountered. Naval coast defence guns (1) that had to be silenced by camouflaged Marines crawling over open ground (3), and a Japanese plane (4) shot down during the landing. A wounded comrade (5) is carried to a dressing station ; whilst, marking the hour of triumph, " Old Glory " (2) flutters to a palm-tree top. (*See map in p.* 474.)

# VIEWS & REVIEWS Of Vital War Books

*by* Hamilton Fyfe

We often hear the Japanese called "double-faced." So they are. But the duplicity goes deeper than their faces; it is inherent in their whole nature. They are in their inmost being what a speaker on the air the other evening called "feudal." Their politeness when they want anything or when they are with people whose standards are different from their own is merely on the surface. Below it is the "feudalism" which keeps them narrow-minded, absurdly vain, ruthlessly cruel, and tied to a system which seems to belong altogether to a remote and disgusting past.

I say "seems" rather than "does" belong because we have seen in the last ten years that it is quite possible for this kind of system to be re-established among people supposed to have long-since outgrown it. Hitler has done this in Germany. He has rushed the nation back to the Middle Ages—or even farther back. He has made them show they are still in very truth Huns, and that in cruelty, ridiculous pride, intellectual blinkerdom, they are on the same level as the Japanese.

But I don't think "feudal" is the right word for that damnable union of detestable qualities. There was, after all, something to admire in the way many feudal lords looked after their people, and in the loyalty of tenants, retainers, serfs even, to those lords. The justice of the manor was rough and ready, but it did exist, whereas in the systems of Hitler and Hirohito it does not. The king, as the head of the feudal system, was held in honour so long as he could keep the barons in order: he was not made to seem foolish to the rest of the world by the sickening, nonsensical flattery that Hirohito, as emperor, receives.

The whole method of government both in Germany and Japan, so far as it has any foundation at all, is based on the belief that human beings in the mass are utterly without wills of their own or sense enough to resist tyranny in its early stages, that they can be harried, driven, ill-treated, killed singly or forced to die in battle by droves, given a deal far more raw than is inflicted on any species of non-human animal. That belief is unhappily not an illusion. Both Japanese and Germans have in their own cases proved it to be the catastrophic truth. But while the Nazis make efforts to persuade the world they are not entirely without intelligence and common decent feeling, the governing Japanese exult in the total absence from their system of any features but terrorism and shameless exploitation of their dupes.

Some little time ago (p. 435) I discussed a book by Prof. John Morris, who spent several years teaching in a Japanese University. He found the colleagues he worked with and the people among whom he lived pleasant, friendly, and not inclined to take seriously all the nonsense about their divine emperor receiving advice from the Sun-goddess, or about the destiny of Japan being to dominate the entire globe—though they did not repudiate it. Now I have been reading another account of Japanese ways—this time by a Russian, who was enveigled into working for the secret service in Manchuria after it had been seized by Japan and who gives a horrifying description of the mode, both diabolically clever and savage, by which they crushed opposition, robbed, murdered, tortured, and gloried in their crimes.

The title of the book, Bushido (Hutchinson, 8s. 6d.), suggested to me at first that a contrast would be drawn between the extravagant claims of that "system of chivalry," as it used to be called here when we were making use of the Japanese as allies, and their actual behaviour. I remember reading many eulogies of Bushido and hearing it recommended for imitation by us. I remember H. G. Wells writing about the samurai as if they were like the very gentil, parfit knights of chivalrous days, and urging that we ought to have them in Britain (though I don't recollect his proposing to become one himself!) Now we are told they were gangsters of the type familiar in Chicago, serving masters who, though they owned land in vast quantities and had high-sounding titles, were only the Al Capones of an earlier time.

## What is 'Bushido'? New Light on Japanese Tyranny

The sub-title of Bushido, written by Alexandre Pernikoff, is The Anatomy of Terror. Of this anatomy the modern samurai have made a close study. There is no doubt, I am afraid, that they enjoy keeping people in a state of permanent alarm and uncertainty as much as they enjoy maltreating them physically. The reason for their enjoyment is given in the book as revenge. They know the West for a long time either despised them or looked on them as funny little folk with pretty artistic ways. They want to show the West it was wrong.

**The much-talked-of Japanese equanimity is but a forced show, beneath which surge violent passions. No one in the world can take as much abuse and humiliation as a Japanese and no one resents it more. Once insulted, even slightly, a Japanese will never forget it. He will smile, yes, but the dream of revenge will long lie dormant in his soul and, when the proper time arrives, this desire will manifest itself in the most grotesque and abhorrent forms.**

They are filled with hatred for the Chinese, who have held them up for so long in districts where they expected easy victory. They would like to exterminate them. There will not be any left in Manchuria in forty years, they boast; and they are doing their best to make this threat come true. In a Manchurian village Chinese seen working under the supervision of Japanese soldiers were "half-naked, unkempt, dirty, emaciated, reduced to the state of animals." The houses which had not been burned down were surrounded by barbed wire fences. Their wretched inhabitants were made "to build roads and homes for their oppressors, and used as pack animals by the army, while their own fields remained untouched. Later on they will be doomed to die of hunger, conveniently vacating their places for Japanese settlers. It is all part of the scheme."

**GENERAL HEDEKI TOJO, Japan's 59-year-old Prime Minister and War Minister, typifies the cult of bushido ("the way of the warrior"), extolled to the Japanese army since 1880 and dealt with in the book reviewed in this page.** *Photo, Planet News*

Against Russians, too, there is the same bitter resentment; they have stood in Japan's way for a long time. There were many anti-Soviet Russians in Manchuria, especially in Harbin, where the author of the book lived. The behaviour of the Japanese has forced them to "look in the direction of the U.S.S.R. for deliverance. They are ready to welcome Red soldiers as their brothers and saviours, and the Soviet regime seems to them a heavenly sanctuary. The communists are human beings, they think; the Japanese are nothing but brutal, ferocious apes without a single human quality."

That is not quite correct. They have one human quality, developed in a most unusual degree—that is, dishonesty. "The corruption of Japanese officials has reached staggering proportions. It is found more profitable to sell Government jobs to the highest bidder than to prosecute grafters." So tremendous were the amounts in bribes collected by even low-ranking officials that some positions paying fixed salaries of 1,500 to 2,000 yen a year were auctioned as high as 50,000 yen a year, payable in advance to the Military Mission, which in effect ruled the province of Manchuria.

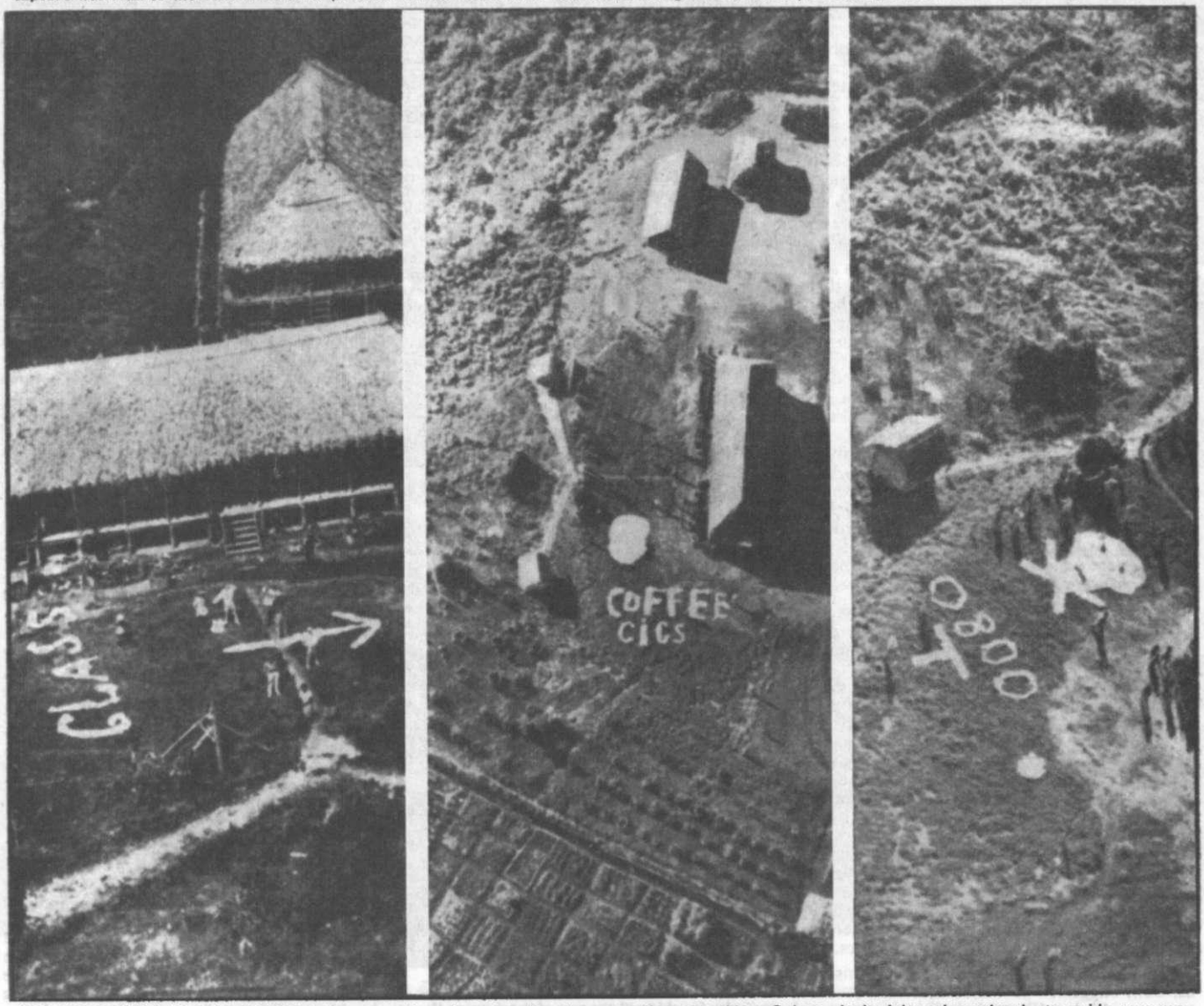
One result of this universal bribery was that spying grew to huge proportions. "Without exaggeration at least 50 per cent of the Japanese effort in Harbin was spent on spying. We even have to watch our own agents and gendarmes," a powerful man in the Secret Service admitted; "they all come because they want to get rich quickly. Even I am watched. It's the only good system for ensuring people's honesty." The meanest tricks are practised to spy on quite inoffensive, harmless persons in their homes. Every business has a Japanese "adviser," whose salary must be paid by the firm and who is often so ignorant that he leads his employer into very serious trouble.

They cannot, many of them, speak the language of those for whom they are supposed to interpret and do business. "Extremely sensitive and self-conscious, the Japanese will never admit that they lack any educational accomplishment. In order to learn a foreign language they will lock themselves up in their rooms and work on it alone with the aid of text-books and dictionaries instead of enlisting somebody's help. The results are often comical." Common all over Japan, says the author, are such signs as "Boiled language today" at a restaurant, meaning boiled tongue, "langue" being French for tongue; and "This exit must only be used for coming in."

Still, though there are limits to their cleverness we must not underrate it. To us it seems senseless to instil terror into people by arresting them for "looking sad while they spoke to one another." We think it idiotic to "cultivate laughter by police enforcement" so as to spread the illusion that Manchuria is a happy land. But such methods have their effect, as this book shows. They have cowed the unfortunate population into putting up with conditions of tyranny that are almost without parallel in the records of "man's inhumanity to man."

# Allied Action and Cool Ingenuity in New Guinea

BEHIND A MATILDA TANK Australian troops move in for a dawn attack on the Japanese-held village of Sattelberg, north-eastern New Guinea. This hill-point and base dominating all the country behind Finschhafen on the coast fell to the Australians after fierce fighting on Nov. 26, 1943. Its capture was vital to the consolidation of positions in the area and to future attacks against the enemy's main operational base at Madang in the north.

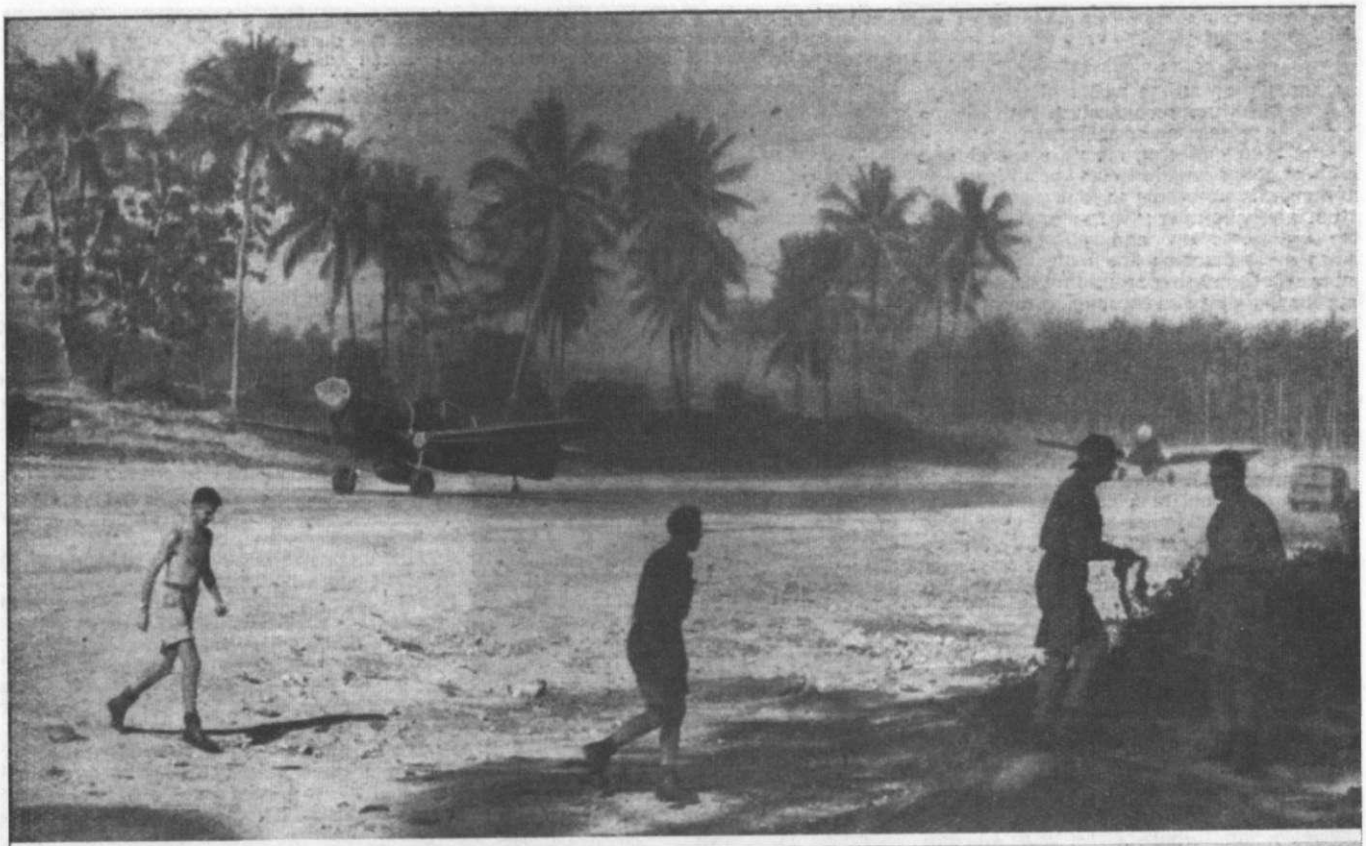



FORCED DOWN IN THE JUNGLE, the crew of an American bomber operating over New Guinea devised ingenious signals to guide rescuers. Some went ahead, found a missionary settlement and blazed signs (left) for their comrades behind to follow. Later (centre) they displayed a request for coffee and cigarettes, and (right) their final " Jolly Roger " symbol is completed, timed 8 o'clock, the letter T indicating that a wounded member of the crew can be moved by plane. All were eventually rescued, one at a time.



*Photos, Sport & General, Keystone*

# New Zealand Warhawks in Guadalcanal Jungles



**AMIDST WAVING PALMS** in a jungle clearing on Guadalcanal, Warhawk fighter-bombers of a Royal New Zealand Air Force squadron prepare to take off (top). Nearby, ground crews service planes (below) whose pilots have had outstanding success against the Japanese. Warhawks are American built, armed with six ·5 machine-guns, have a speed of 355 m.p.h. at 20,000 feet, and can carry one 500-lb. bomb or an extra 33-gallon fuel tank, giving a 900-mile range. Guadalcanal was cleared of the enemy by Feb. 10, 1943.



*Photos, Royal New Zealand Air Force Official*

# We Are the Flying Eyes of the Heavy Guns

Aloft in a small, low-powered "Buzzard," unarmed yet in the thick of battle, getting the range for our artillery: there are hazards a-plenty in the work of this branch of the Service, outlined by a pilot of an Air Observation Post Squadron. He leaves no room for doubt that the bitter hatred felt and shown by the Nazis for these aerial spotters is fully justified!

AMIDST the wartime welter of thundering 2,000-h.p. aero-motors, and 13-gun warplanes, and machines with a wing-span of about 130 feet, my unarmed 90-h.p. machine, that comes in to land at a little over 30 m.p.h., is something to look at twice. It is not a second-rater; it has been in front-line operations on and off since 1940. When the last salvos are fired it will probably still be cruising around overhead spotting for the guns and exchanging rapid radio badinage with the gunners.

I am not an R.A.F. man, but Army right through—member of an Air Observation Post Squadron, trained in the mysteries of ballistics and propellants, and given a movable projection of the blasted tree trunk so familiar to artillery spotters on the ground. I am expected to land beside the guns, though they may be sited in a hedge between two ploughed fields cratered by bombs, or in a scrub-oak forest clearing in Italy, or on the beach of a seaborne landing, or beside a main road in a village. In all these places I have landed: also in soft Tunisian sand-hills and on sulphurous ledges on a volcano's side.

So far I have met nothing as bad as my training landings. In a disused corner of an English aerodrome, where personnel were encouraged to tip rubbish and empty cans, logs and similar obstacles, and where the authorities kindly added a cartload of old bricks, we were expected to make perfect "three points," and the instructor who sat in the side-by-side seat was pained and vocal if he was shaken up at all. So now, in Italy, you may often see an artillery-spotting aircraft pop down in the road, or between adjoining craters in a ploughed field, or on the lawn of a big house that may be in use temporarily as "Guns" H.Q.; and the take-off, in a fair breeze, needs a run of only about 100 feet.

Being unarmed in the thick of the battle has a queer thrill. For artillery-spotting aircraft are madly disliked by the German infantry—perhaps understandably, as our job is to heap coals of T.N.T. on their heads. As soon as we slide down out of a cloud they open up with everything they have except the tinned sausage, and whistle up any German fighters that happen to be handy. Sometimes we operate under an umbrella of Spitfires,

**FROM AIR TO GROUND** go messages for the Allied artillery. This wireless truck receives from the spotting plane the details which, passed on to batteries, enables fire on enemy positions to be registered accurately.

and then we take no more notice of the fighting than a high-bred duchess would do of a street-brawl. But often "Guns" requires urgent details, there are no fighters available, and we go forth alone.

I have been lucky; I have never been attacked by more than three German fighters, and seldom by any at all. At that, dodging the flak is quite business enough. On the occasion when three were after me, I dodged round and round some tall trees that dotted the hillside where we were. It is a dangerous business for a pilot who knows that his machine will stall at anything less than very high speed to come down to ground level and shave trees by inches, as I can do while flying in perfect safety at less than the speed of a baby car, and with an aircraft that will continue to do vertical turns as required.

Over Longstop Hill, in Tunisia, two of our "Buzzards," as they are called, operated at zero feet, under a Spitfire umbrella, until the Germans nearly went mad. Sundry Luftwaffe aircraft that came up to interfere were shot down; one, at least, flew straight into the ground when the pilot's annoyance over-reached his flying sense.

There were some hidden German guns on that hill that no one could site. By the simple process of flying so low over them that the slipstream must have cooled the gunners' heated cheeks, we drew rifle-fire and machine-gun "measles" from the Germans, flashed back the details, and then stood off until our own heavies got the range. That settled that, and it was an obstacle that had proved a real stumbling-block to our infantry's advance.

ONE of our A.O.P.S. spotting planes was set upon recently by thirteen Messerschmitt fighters. They carried enough metal to fill the unarmed little 100-m.p.h. machine solid. But it popped down into a very narrow and twisty valley between two hills, and there flew bumps and circuits while the thirteen enemy fighters whined and roared and dived and zoomed, their shells and bullets spattering the landscape and shooting the leaves off every tree for miles, while our spotter sent out urgent and slightly uncomplimentary messages to Spitfires about 80 miles away. It was still in its little valley doing aerobatics when the Spits arrived and chased the thirteen Messerschmitts home, shooting one down.

Several times "Buzzards" have been badly shot up, and the pilot has been knocked out, but the observer has brought the machine safely in. A spare "stick" is often fitted opposite the observer's seat, and the instruments can be read from both seats, and the aircraft is wonderfully easy to handle. In addition to artillery spotting, it does spells at light transport of urgent stuff, and works as a flying staff-car when the Brass Hats want to go-see for themselves or to rush across country to conferences.

Don't forget, as you watch the Typhoons go thundering past overhead or see the Lancasters blot out the moon, that the war also has jobs for unarmed runabouts of exactly the type that civilians will go week-ending in during the happy days so soon—we hope—to come.

**ARTILLERY OBSERVATION BY PLANE** is part of the perfected Allied technique in air-land observation. An Auster III spotter, known as a "Buzzard," is seen taking off on a mission for the guns. In this case the pilot, in wireless communication with an Army Gun Position Officer, announces corrections as he watches the shells fall; the G.P. officer sends these corrections on to the guns.



*Photos, British Official*

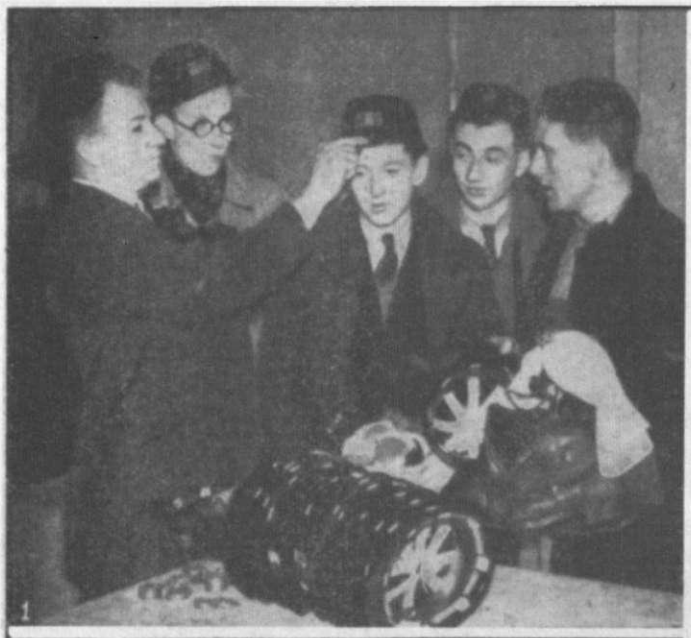
# Such is the War Harvest Now Reaped by Italians

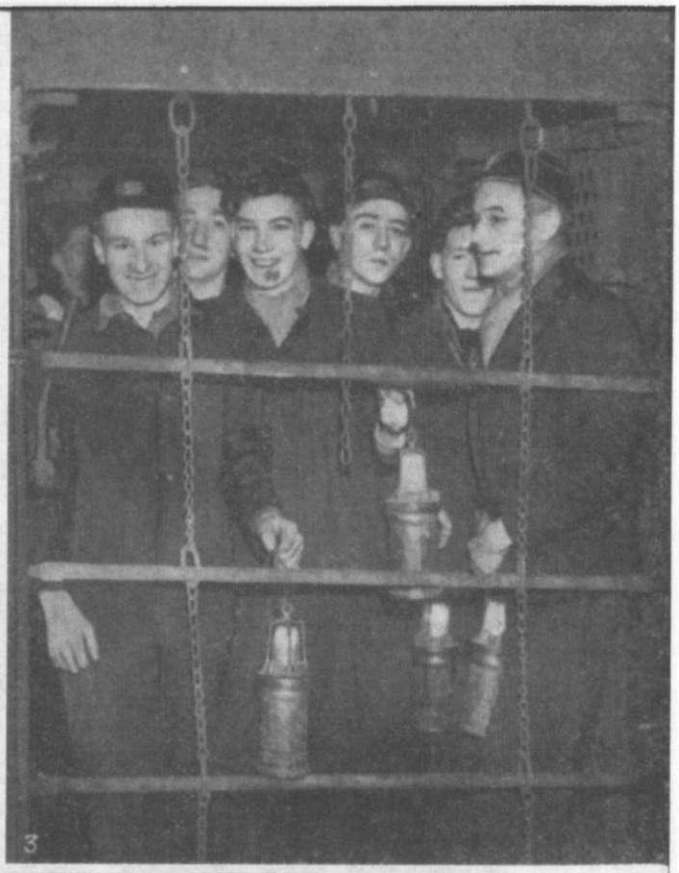
**REFUGEES FROM ORTONA** who sheltered in a railway tunnel during the battle for their native town (see pp. 516, 537, 554, 569) trekked to San Vito, four miles south on the Adriatic coast; there men of the victorious 8th Army, who had occupied Ortona on Dec. 5, 1943, offered them a warm welcome. These destitute women and children, just arrived at San Vito, are buoyed up by the knowledge that they will be cared for by those who are now ridding Italy of the Hitler-Mussolini curse.

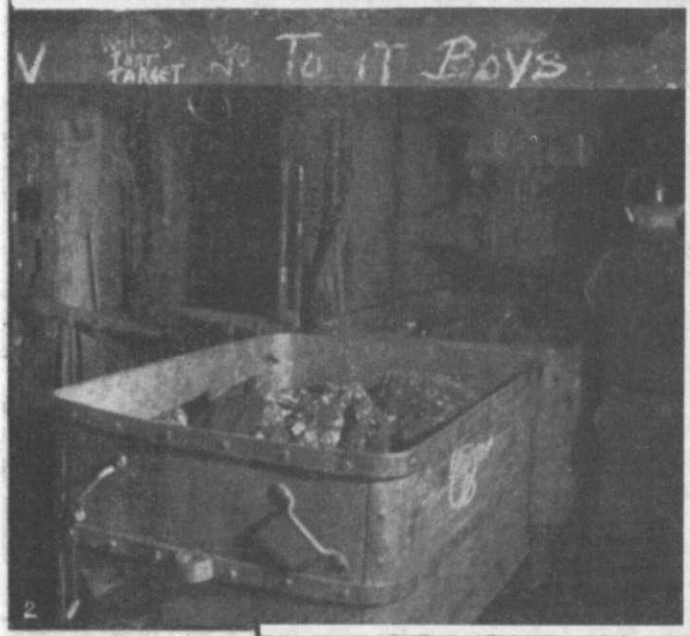


*Photo, Canadian Official*

# Bevin Boys Start Their Coal-Mine Training







**COAL SHORTAGE** prompted Mr. Ernest Bevin, Minister of Labour, to adopt a revolutionary method of recruiting mine-workers when he introduced his ballot scheme in Parliament on Dec. 2, 1943, by which many youths ready for call-up would be diverted to the mines. The first trainees were "drawn from the hat" on Dec. 14, and by Jan. 18, 1944, some were in training. Youths line up for equipment (1) at the Swinton, Manchester, training centre; others (3) descend the shaft at the Askern Colliery. Filled tubs (2) on their way to the surface in a mine whose workers believe in record output. A 14-year-old volunteer grins broadly (4), while a group of other lads (5) emerge from the pithead at Markham Main Colliery, near Doncaster.

*Photos, G.P.U., Fox, Evening News, New York Times Photos, Keystone*

# I WAS THERE! Eye Witness Stories of the War

## *How We Landed on the Beaches South of Rome*

On the morning of Jan. 22, 1944, General Clark's 5th Army made surprise landings on the west coast of Italy—near Nettuno, 57 miles behind the German General Kesselring's so-called Gustav Line. The initial operations are described by war reporter Vaughan Thomas. See also illus. page 580.

WE'VE landed on the beaches almost unopposed. We seem to have caught the Germans right on the hop, and so far the operation has gone almost to plan. All yesterday, under a warm sun, the great invasion fleet steamed along the Italian coast. There was an armada of little ships, of assault craft, trawlers, patrol boats, and all the new special ships that we've been building for just this sort of job. It was the most tempting target that the Luftwaffe has had for many a day, yet not a single German aircraft appeared.

As darkness fell, the long lines of ships turned towards the shore. Our escorting destroyers melted into the darkness away to the south-east. Now, well behind us we could see flashes of light playing on the horizon. They came from the guns of the advancing 5th Army, and we got the measure from them of how far we were already penetrating past the German line.

### Ripped the Night Wide Open

Zero hour was 2 a.m. The night was perfect for the job, a calm sea, a slight mist to hide us from the shore, and just enough starlight to show us the dark outlines of our own great host of ships riding quietly only a few miles off the enemy coastline.

On the deck of our own landing craft we waited in full kit for the signal. Suddenly away to our starboard there was a vivid flash that seemed to rip the night wide open, and our little landing craft rocked with the impact of the explosion. Our own guns had opened up on the coast defences. "The party's on!" one of our signalmen whispered to me, and in the deep silence that followed that sudden outburst from our guns we heard a steady chugging of motor engines. Across our bows went a long string of dark shapes each with a little red rear light and a white wake. For one fantastic moment they looked like a string of London taxicabs moving through a fog, then they vanished towards the blurred line of the shore.

The assault craft were going in with the first wave. This was the critical moment. We watched anxiously to see how the Germans were going to react. That opening burst of gunfire must have told them we were coming in. Now was the time for them to open up, but not a sound came from that dark line of beach. It became clear that we'd caught the Germans on the hop. The beach was mined, but the sappers went to work and soon ducks and jeeps were pouring ashore.

Our turn came at dawn. Our landing craft grounded and we moved in a long procession of khaki between the carefully laid tapes out through the pine woods to the open country beyond. Then the Germans started to wake up. There was a high-pitched whine and a shell crumped down in the field beyond us. The whole procession moved rapidly after that, and now we are in our allotted positions.

Everywhere men are digging in. So far we have had no counter-attack, but it can't be long before the enemy gets over his surprise. Our own air cover has arrived, so when that attack does come we feel quite certain that we'll hold it.

**WATCHING FOR JAPANESE PLANES, U.S. troops in assault craft go in on the beaches of New Britain in the Central Pacific. See story below.** *Photo, New York Times Photos*

## *At Cape Gloucester We Crashed Our Way Ashore*

Covered by Australian and American naval units, U.S. troops effected a landing at Cape Gloucester, New Britain, on December 26, 1943. Operations were witnessed by Kenneth Slessor, Australian Official War Correspondent, who gives here an awe-inspiring account of the great assault.

FROM the flag deck of an Australian destroyer I watched 3,000 Allied shells blasting a fringe of the coast at Cape Gloucester into a wilderness of elemental fire and earth. Australian and American warships battered a gateway for the invasion troops with 130 tons of naval high explosive. As the fog of the last shellburst curled up to meet the vertical smoke pillars from innumerable bombs, we saw the long lines of American assault craft driving to the beach.

"Good luck to you, Yanks!" said an Australian boy next to me, hooded and helmeted at his Oerlikon gun, and that was what we were all saying in our hearts. At 7.45 a.m. a signaller with telephone clamped to his big brown ears, grinned as he said "O.K." in acknowledgment of a message. "The first wave is ashore without opposition," he told us.

It was still dark, with stabs of tropical lightning, when the guns started at 6 o'clock. The huge peak behind Cape Gloucester loomed through floating shelves of cloud like a swathed and ghostly Fujiyama. One star, as white and brilliant as a flare, made a channel in the dark water. The warships, which had been poising stealthily in their picked positions since 4.30 a.m., opened their mouths with a crash of noise and incandescence which came as a physical shock.

From my post close behind Bib, the port gun of the destroyer's forward turret, it felt as if a fist had punched me on the side of the face. It was hard to hold a pen to paper and take notes on the successive waves of explosion as Bib and Anzac and Aussie, Yvonne and Yvette, the destroyer's other guns, added their uproar.

Two American warships, outlined in black against the first trickle of dawn, were belching wisps of flame to our left, and another Australian ship lit us with sheets of intense naphtha-white to our right. In the deceptive dimness, Cape Gloucester seemed to be almost under our bows instead of six or seven miles away. The shells burst in leaping points of incandescence. Suddenly two daubs of twisting red flame licked up from the shore. Perhaps they were fuel stores or ammunition dumps; perhaps buildings; but they were only fires now. A double boom of broadsides from the cruisers came like the thump of a big drum between the sharper and more splitting bark of the destroyer's open guns. At intervals a white tracer shell went probing up the heights behind the landing area like a star torn loose.

As dawn filled the sky with a light as cold as steel, the Japanese on the shore—if any

**TOWN SQUARE OF ANZIO, Italian coastal town near Nettuno, captured by U.S. troops of the 5th Army on Jan. 22, 1944, early in the surprise Allied landing behind the German lines and between the latter and Rome some 30 miles distant. Story of our invasion armada and the landing is given above.** *Photo, U.S. Official*

still remained—must have peered from their burrows at a terrible semicircle of fighting ships. Now it was possible to see a line of American landing craft, a whole alphabet of assault boats waiting in the distance for their moment to come surging in. They looked as tiny as water-beetles against the huge cloud-shapes which filled the sky behind them. Two cruisers began to take form in the west, their masts and turrets poking from balls of dark-red smoke. You could see the bombardment area quite clearly.

Spouts of white vapour were rising from the shellfire like a terrace of hot springs. Away on a rocky point to the east, six magical palm trees appeared, blowing and bending on stalks of smoke. With sunrise, every man in our ship glanced for a moment to where a sailor was running up the Australian battle flag, the Blue Ensign, which flies only when the guns fire. The Oerlikon gunners, hooded like Bedouins, in their anti-flash gear, nudged me and pointed at the mast. We began our second run from west to east. A double bell rang on the bridge before each salvo, giving us a fraction of a second to brace ourselves and push cottonwool into our ears before the ship plunged with the shock.

Films of smoke, as brown and transparent as tortoiseshell, blew over the flag deck. The smell was more like that of burning bones than of cordite. Soon after seven o'clock a cloud of American bombers swept high overhead as majestically as a fleet of liners. Even through the din of gunfire we could hear the heavy concussion of their bombs as columns of dust and smoke swirled up from the flat undergrowth behind the beach. After them came a swarm of Mitchells swooping low over the landing area and leaving a swollen screen of smoke in their wake. I could see no sign of anti-aircraft fire from the shore.

Daylight showed the wreck of a Japanese destroyer lying on the knife-edge reefs which fringe the coast—one reason why the bombardment force did not approach closer than six miles. I pulled the plugs of cottonwool from my ears as a signaller with telephones shouted the message for which we had been waiting: "Everything going all right. No fire from shore. Landing will take place in five minutes."

The line of assault craft was moving as he spoke. I could guess what the huddled men in them were thinking as they furrowed as calmly as suburban ferries to the beach head. I remembered, too, how beautiful the destroyers had seemed as they hovered on the outskirts of the Finschhafen landing. Soon the invasion craft had raced into the distance and were visible only as grooves of foam. The guns had stopped. For a moment there was a strange silence on sea and land. We strained our eyes into the white dazzle of haze which hung between us and the beach, trying to picture the broad snouts of the barges pushing through the sand, and the men jumping and wading and surging up that tiny arc of territory several miles away.

"First wave is ashore without opposition," said the signaller. Drifts of smoke still rolled over the beach. "Well, we will give them a nice Christmas present," said a gunner. A signaller pressed the telephone to his ears and spoke again: "Beach wreck, second wave now landing." Ten minutes later a bombardment force turned out to sea in anti-aircraft formation, destroyers screening cruisers on each flank. The Cape, with its great hump of mountain, melted into a faraway vagueness of mist and cloud and the lingering smoke of explosions. Down on the gun decks there was a clatter of empty shell cases being collected. The Navy had done its job and departed with the happy feeling that the men on land were doing theirs.

## Our Submarine Chased and Fought Ten Enemy Ships

Patrolling on the surface, at night, in the Aegean, a British submarine encountered ten enemy vessels—eight Siebel ferries and two supply ships; she immediately turned to attack and engaged in a spirited torpedo action. The story is told by Lieut. J. P. Fyfe, R.N., in command of the submarine.

As my torpedoes seemed to have caused no alarm or despondency, I altered course and gave chase at full speed. While we closed the convoy the gunlayer and trainer were kept on the bridge to accustom their eyes to the dark, so that when we opened fire they were on the target immediately. We obtained several hits on the rear * Siebel ferry, and then shifted target to the next ferry, which was hit twice. In both these shoots, some "overs" hit ships beyond the target.

The rear ferry, which was probably carrying ammunition, was now on fire, emitting showers of coloured sparks—an inspiring sight. Then the outline of a larger supply vessel was seen through the smoke. We fired one round at it and this hit. For a while we shifted target to a Siebel ferry that was coming out of the smoke, and had secured at least two hits when the supply ship also emerged from smoke and re-engaged.

It was now getting light and after we had got eight more hits on the supply ship, which was seen to be stopped and was being abandoned, we altered course and gave chase to the remainder of the convoy. When the range had been closed again we opened fire on the smaller supply ship and got three hits. Two Siebel ferries then opened fire. We saw a Siebel ferry sink, and it is possible that at least one more sank. And then, as we withdrew, we saw shells from our own surface forces, who had apparently picked up our enemy report, bursting around the target.

I had decided to withdraw, with the intention of diving and attacking the stationary supply ship. We dived, but as we were getting into position to fire I saw through the periscope two of our destroyers closing my prey. I watched the destroyers blow up the supply ship with a torpedo, and from the size of the explosion I considered she was carrying ammunition.

As we withdrew I saw many survivors in the water, some swimming, some floating face-down and some in boats. From the position of the supply ship's sinking I concluded that most of the survivors must have come from the Siebel ferries. Then three anti-submarine craft started to hunt us. We went deep and silenced all machinery.

** A Siebel ferry, used chiefly for carrying men and equipment, resembles two landing craft joined together side by side.*

## They Used Glider Bombs Against Our Convoy

An escorting Liberator's crew recently had the experience of witnessing German glider bombs being used against a convoy in the Bay of Biscay. Flight-Lieut. Hugh Sutherland, R.A.F.V.R., captain of the Liberator, broadcast this account, including details of his own attack on the enemy.

We were patrolling within sight of the convoy. It was a quiet wintry sort of day with some broken cloud, but we were paying more attention to the sea than to the sky because our primary duty was anti-submarine patrol.

While we were watching, the ack-ack guns of the escort opened fire and I saw an aircraft. It was about five miles away. We immediately increased speed and made towards him. In a moment or two I recognized him as a Heinkel 177. We'd never seen one before, but there was no mistaking the high fin and rudder and the long nose. We thought it must be a reconnaissance aircraft, and decided to chase it away and if possible shoot it down.

When the range had closed to a mile, he evidently spotted us, for he turned away and headed for cloud cover, and we lost him. We turned back then to the convoy and almost at once sighted four other He. 177s in loose formation approaching the convoy from the north. They were about two miles from the convoy.

These aircraft had an advantage of about 3,000 feet over us, so we climbed straight for them. They didn't see us at first. We were not able to reach their altitude before they passed over the convoy, so we followed them through the flak that the convoy was putting up. As these Heinkels went over we saw one of them release a glider bomb. It looked exactly like a small monoplane, and performed the most unusual aerobatics; it went all over the shop. It looked as though they were trying to steer it at one of the ships,

**AFTER THE TERRIFIC BOMBARDMENT** which pulverized Japanese defences on the beaches of New Britain, American troops swarmed ashore at Cape Gloucester on Dec. 26, 1943 and firmly established a beachhead. Above, Marines manhandle a jeep through shallow water after unloading it from a landing craft; in the background is an "alligator," a general utility land-and-water transport vehicle. See story commencing in p. 601.



*Photo, Keystone*

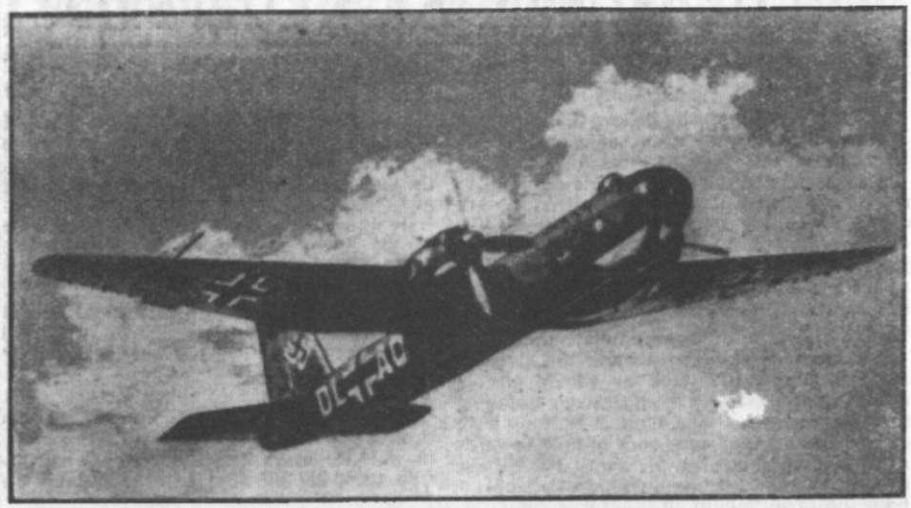
but it fell harmlessly into the sea, where it exploded and burned on the surface of the water.

All this time we were closing the range. When we had crossed right over the convoy the leader of the Heinkels turned for a second bombing run and met us face to face. I think he was surprised. We were all ready and waiting and were able to engage him, first with the nose-guns, and then with the rear-guns as he passed. The closing speed must have been somewhere about 360 miles an hour and we were about a hundred yards distant. The rear gunner observed hits. I don't think the Heinkel opened fire on us at all; he continued his bombing run but didn't drop any more bombs. That was the last we saw of him.

We'd scarcely got rid of that one when the second pilot reported another He. 177 who had obligingly started his bombing run on a converging course with ours at the same height, and at 90 degrees to our heading. I took this excellent opportunity and dived below him, enabling the tail gunner to pump four hundred rounds into him. His starboard engines caught fire, and when we last saw him disappearing into cloud he was on fire and losing height.

As we watched him the tail gunner reported a Focke Wulf 200 closing on us. I think he was the first of the party to see us at all, and he did attempt to shoot at us, but from extreme range. It didn't take us long to shake him off. When we did come out of our evasive action we found ourselves side by side with another Heinkel. He was close enough for us to see the glider bombs tucked up under his wings. You can just see their bodies, rather like extra fuel tanks.

My side gunner opened fire, and we could see his bullets entering the aircraft, which returned the fire, but very inaccurately. Then he broke away, and as he went we found ourselves in the flak from the convoy, and we had to take evasive action.



**GUIDING GLIDER BOMBS** is one of the functions of this latest version of the Luftwaffe's Heinkel 177, whose maximum speed is 270 miles an hour at 19,000 feet, range 1,100 miles at 215 miles an hour, and bomb-load (according to the Germans) 17,000 lbs. Planes controlling glider-bombs by radio are comparatively easy targets for our fighters, as they are obliged to keep a steady course or lose control of their bombs. See story commencing in facing page. *Photo, British Official*

The sky now seemed to be relatively clear of Heinkels, and for about ten minutes we searched in vain. Then to our delight we discovered one beneath us. That was just what we wanted. We dived on to his tail. As the nose-gunner opened fire the Heinkel jettisoned his bombs and made off to the east. The bombs didn't perform any aerobatics this time; they went straight into the sea about two miles from the nearest ship.

The Heinkel opened fire on us with a heavy cannon in the tail, but an accurate burst from our nose-gun silenced the cannon immediately. We were able to sit on his tail until the range was short enough for really accurate concentrated fire. This was all the nose-gunner's picnic. He raked the Heinkel from stem to stern at short range. We saw the starboard engine catch fire, and as we followed him down through the cloud the nose-gunner was still pumping away. We lost the Heinkel at sea level in a patch of low cloud.

The whole performance lasted about thirty-five minutes. My flight engineer said he wouldn't have missed it for twenty quid. Then we went back to our patrol, to the convoy which was still pursuing its steady course below us.

*Since this action Flying-Officer H. Sutherland (as he then was) has been promoted to Flight-Lieutenant and awarded the D.F.C. Two members of the crew, Flight-Sgts. A. P. Gibbs and M. N. Werbiski, both of the R.C.A.F., have been awarded the D.F.M.*

# OUR DIARY OF THE WAR

***JANUARY 19, Wednesday*** *1,600th day*

**Russian Front.**—Krasnoye Selo, 20 miles from Leningrad, and Ropsha and Peterhof taken by Gen. Govorov's armies. Many German siege guns captured.

***JANUARY 20, Thursday*** *1,601st day*

**Italy.**—Capture of Suio, Tufo, and Argento by British troops of the 5th Army announced. Loss of Minturno admitted by the Germans.

**Russian Front.**—Novgorod, N. of Lake Ilmen, and Ligovo captured by Red Army.

**Pacific.**—Paramushire, Japanese base in Kurile Islands, attacked by U.S. aircraft.

**Air.**—Berlin (over 2,300 tons dropped) bombed by Lancasters and Halifaxes in heaviest raid to date.

***JANUARY 21, Friday*** *1,602nd day*

**Mediterranean.**—Announced that Jajce in W. Bosnia captured by Yugoslav partisans under Marshal Tito.

**Russian Front.**—Mga, important rail junction 25 miles S.E. of Leningrad, Petrushino and Pavlovo captured by Gen. Govorov's Russian forces.

**Australasia.**—Australians made a thrust along the Faria River (New Guinea) towards Daumoina.

**Air.**—Magdeburg, Germany, heavily raided; 2,000 tons of bombs dropped.

***JANUARY 22, Saturday*** *1,603rd day*

**Italy.**—Troops of 5th Army landed 30 miles south of the Tiber estuary on the Anzio Bay coastline in the Nettuno area.

**Mediterranean.**—Rail yards at Vrattsa (Bulgaria) and Skoplje (Yugoslavia) raided by Allied aircraft.

**Russian Front.**—Taitsi rail station, 18 miles from Leningrad, and Tutino, N.W. of Novgorod, taken by forces under Generals Govorov and Meretskov.

***JANUARY 23, Sunday*** *1,604th day*

**Russian Front.**—Pustynka, N.E. of Tosno, and Lelchitsy, near Mozyr, occupied by Soviet troops.

***JANUARY 24, Monday*** *1,605th day*

**Italy.**—Fall of Nettuno to 5th Army announced. Hospital ship St. David sunk in Anzio Bay by enemy bombers. Revealed that Lt.-Gen. Sir Richard O'Connor, Lt.-Gen. Philip Neame, V.C., and Air Marshal O. T. Boyd had escaped from Italian prison camps and reached Britain.

**Russian Front.**—Pushkin and Pavlovsk captured by troops of the Leningrad front, under General Govorov.

**Burma.**—Appointments announced: Gen. Sir George Gifford, G.C.B., D.S.O., to be C.-in-C., Army group in S.E. Asia; Lt.-Gen. W. S. Slim, C.B.E., D.S.O., M.C., to be Commander of the 14th Army.

***JANUARY 25, Tuesday*** *1,606th day*

**Italy.**—Fall of Anzio announced. Allied beach-head extended to depth of 12 miles inland. Monte Croce re-taken by French.

**Russian Front.**—Vladimirskaya and Frezernyi, S.W. of Pushkin, captured by Red Army troops of the Leningrad front.

**Australasia.**—Fall of Kankiryo (New Guinea) to Australian troops announced.

***JANUARY 26, Wednesday*** *1,607th day*

**Italy.**—Gen. Alexander, C.-in-C., Italy, and Gen. Mark Clark, Commander of the 5th Army, inspected the Anzio Bay beach-head. Reinforcements successfully landed.

**Russian Front.**—Krasnogvardeisk, 20 miles south of Leningrad, captured by Russians of General Govorov's command.

**Sea.**—Loss of H.M. destroyer Holcombe announced by Board of Admiralty.

***JANUARY 27, Thursday*** *1,608th day*

**Russian Front.**—Tosno, important district centre of the Leningrad region, captured by Soviet troops. Volosovo, in the Krasnogvardeisk region, taken. Special Order of the Day addressed to Gen. Govorov announced that the siege of Leningrad had been raised; 24 salvos from 324 Leningrad guns honoured the occasion; 300,000 Germans in full retreat.

**Air.**—Berlin (1,500 tons dropped) raided by all-Lancaster force of bombers.

***JANUARY 28, Friday*** *1,609th day*

**Italy.**—Announced that U.S. troops of the 5th Army had crossed the River Rapido. Counter-attacks repulsed in beach-head.

**Russian Front.**—Lyuban, Pomeranie, Trubnikov-Bor, Babino and Torfyanoye captured by Soviet troops of the Volkhov front. Violent enemy attacks in the Vinnitsa region repelled.

**Air.**—Berlin (1,500 tons dropped) very heavily bombed by great force of Lancasters and Halifaxes.

**General.**—Announced that Lt.-Gen. Sir Francis Nosworthy, K.C.B., D.S.O., M.C., appointed to be G.O.C., W. Africa. Mr. Eden disclosed barbarous treatment of British and Allied prisoners of war by the Japanese.

***JANUARY 29, Saturday*** *1,610th day*

**Italy.**—British troops captured a bridge on the Anzio-Albano road 20 miles from Rome. Fierce air battles raged.

**Russian Front.**—Novo-Sokolniki, 130 miles S. of Lake Ilmen on Leningrad-Odessa railway, captured by troops under Gen. Popov; Chudovo stormed by Red Army and Leningrad-Moscow railway freed.

**Air.**—Over 800 escorted Fortresses and Liberators carried out heaviest day raid of the war on Frankfurt; 1,800 tons of bombs dropped.

***JANUARY 30, Sunday*** *1,611th day*

**Italy.**—5th Army troops captured heights beyond Cassino and the Rapido River. Heavy artillery landed in beach-head.

**Pacific.**—Kwajalein, Maloelap and Wotje atolls in Marshall Islands attacked by U.S. carrier task force. Wake Island bombed.

**Air.**—Brunswick and Hanover bombed by Fortresses and Liberators. Berlin raided at night, bringing total of bombs dropped in three nights to 5,000 tons.

***JANUARY 31, Monday*** *1,612th day*

**Italy.**—Allied Anzio Bay beach-head further extended in Carroceto region.

**Mediterranean.**—Klagenfurt (S. Germany) airfield bombed.

**Russian Front.**—Outskirts of Kingisepp, near Estonian border, reached. Malaya-Stremlenie in Volosovo area captured. River Luga forced at several points.

**Pacific.**—Announced that American amphibious forces had landed in the Roi and Kwajalein areas of Kwajalein atoll in the Marshall Islands and established beach-heads.

***FEBRUARY 1, Tuesday*** *1,613rd day*

**Italy.**—Announced that British troops reached Campoleone, 15 miles from Anzio; U.S. troops reached Cisterna. Canadians of 8th Army supported by tanks and artillery attacked the Teilo-Villagrande road.

**Russian Front.**—Kingisepp, important German centre of resistance in the Narva direction, captured by Red Army.

**Sea.**—Vice-Admiral Sir Algernon U. Willis, K.C.B., D.S.O., appointed Second Sea Lord.

**General.**—Announced that each of the 16 constituent Republics of the Soviet Union to have own national army, the right to negotiate and conclude agreements with foreign governments, and the right to sever relations with the Soviet Union.

## *Flash-backs*

**1941**

January 19. *British troops crossed the borders of Italian Eritrea in the direction of Agordat and Asmara. Sabdaret captured.*

January 24. *General Cunningham's troops invaded Italian Somaliland.*

**1942**

January 23. *Five-day Allied air bombardment of Japanese convoy in Macassar Straits (between Borneo and Celebes) began.*

**1943**

January 23. *Tripoli captured by General Montgomery's 8th Army.*

January 29. *Advance guard of 8th Army crossed Tunisian frontier.*

January 30. *Maikop oilfields (Caucasus) cleared of the enemy by the Russians. Mr. Churchill arrived in Turkey for two-day conference with President Inonu.*

January 31. *Field-Marshal Paulus and 15 German generals surrendered at Stalingrad to troops of Marshal Zhukov's command.*

# THE WAR IN THE AIR

*by* Capt. Norman Macmillan, M.C., A.F.C.

I AM one of those who believe that bombing can defeat a nation at war. But I make this proviso—that the bombing must be carried out on the scale required to effect the defeat of the enemy within a given time. Nothing less than this will do the job; although the effect of bombing on a reduced scale and over a longer period will have a marked result upon the war efficiency of the bombed nation.

It requires faith to accumulate the necessary bombing force to achieve the strength and frequency of attack by which, and in no other way, victory from strategic bombing can be attained. The United Nations have not displayed that sufficiency of faith towards this redoubtable arm of war. There have been too many pulling in other directions.

The disposition of the United Nations' air forces is a matter which cannot be disclosed while the war continues. And so it is not easy to state a case. But just as Lord Dowding said that he was anxious about the drain upon the resources of Fighter Command caused by the succession of actions in Norway, the Low Countries, and France, so must the four commanders of Bomber Command have been anxious about the drain upon their Command to the Mediterranean zone, to the anti-submarine war, and to other areas of activity.

Probably the time factor is the most important in strategic bombing, for if the enemy is given no respite the cumulative effect of air bombardment snowballs so rapidly as to defy even improvisation to offset its disastrous results. But if the time element be slowed down—due to no matter what causes—the enemy is given time to act to counter the effect of the air bombardment, both on the ground, by civil defence and Government measures promulgated and carried into effect, and in the air, by the devising of new measures of defence.

IN strategic bombing the time factor is curtailed more effectively, I should say, by weight of attack. The strength of attack aircraft available to a commander of a strategic bombing force enables him to obliterate (that is the word for modern bombing) a larger target area in one blow, or conversely to smash effectively several smaller target areas in a single night or day. Time was when it needed the most favourable conditions of weather to make a bombing attack—raid was then the correct word. That time has long since gone. Thus, with weather discounted as a deterrent to air bombardment, it is possible to make use of larger forces than would formerly have been deployable.

Sir Stafford Cripps, Minister of Aircraft Production, said to the workers in a Midland aero-engine factory on January 24, 1944, that "the only thing which could prevent our finishing the war in Europe this year would be the failure of people on the factory front to provide our fighting men with the implements they needed."

This may be interpreted to mean that the United Nations have got the military personnel estimated to be necessary for the defeat of the enemy in Europe this year, but as the scale of expenditure of munitions of all kinds is likely to be very heavy to smash through modern defence works—and our experience in North Africa, Sicily, and Italy must serve as a valuable guide—the supply position is likely to be the bottleneck the size of which will determine the rapidity of the outcome. In other words, the scale and continuity of the United Nations offensive in 1944 are the factors which will decide the duration of the war in Europe.

BUT this is not the complete picture. It is only the obverse side of war. There is the reverse side also to be considered. For events in war are never conditioned by what one side does, but by what both contestants do. Therefore, the duration of the war in Europe is dependent upon the efforts of the United Nations in relation to the effort which the enemy can bring to bear against them.

We have had it in our power for almost a year to determine to a very remarkable degree just what that enemy effort would be. I have previously pointed out (page 572) that the effect of the air bombardment of Germany had played a most important part in the retreat of the German armies before the Red armies. Indeed, it is the only pre-assault method that can affect the production rate of the enemy on any scale. Thus the rapidity of the remaining stages of the war in Europe are as much, if not more, dependent upon the efforts of Bomber Command than upon any other factor, in our factories, in the field, or on the sea.

And if Bomber Command had had the strength allotted to it—whatever that strength might be—to have completed already on the eve of the invasion of Europe its programme of the destruction of the German centres of war industry, the German armies everywhere would now be tottering, and the submarines and aircraft ending their long, over four years' run. But, unfortunately, the necessary faith was lacking. Perhaps, when the war is over, we shall learn how much that absence of faith—or perhaps predilection for other ways—cost us in time, men, and money.

On the night of January 30-31, Bomber Command made its 14th major attack in the Battle of Berlin. Here is a great engagement, being waged by a magnificently handled "army" or "fleet" of the air, bombarding the capital city of the enemy hundreds of miles inland. There has never been anything like it in the history of the world.

IT is a shattering affair, this destruction of a capital city of 4½ million people, a city spread over some 350 square miles of land. Probably an average assault means that we send between 4,000 and 5,000 men to attack. The defence sends more than 1,000 fighter aircraft up against them, outnumbering our aircraft by theirs. Hundreds of guns line the route. More than 750,000 troops oppose our few thousands. As many more civil defence workers line up for duty. The skies are lit by searchlights and parachute flares, almost as brightly as by the sun. Ground guns of all calibres fire thousands of shells. Aircraft fire rocket shells, cannon-gun shells, and incendiary and explosive bullets.

These attacks are no mere incidents of the war. They are the greatest battles that are now being fought—greater even than those being waged in the mountains and level spaces of southern Italy, opposed by far greater enemy strength, both on the ground and in the air. Yet it is probable that fewer aircraft are employed on one of its great Berlin attacks by Bomber Command than are disposed of in the Mediterranean. For more than 5,000 tons of bombs were dropped on the Anzio area alone in one week before the actual Allied landing!

It was the heavy concentration of the strategic bombers on the vital communication towns in German hands that consolidated the bridgehead at Salerno, and enabled our army there to stay in Italy and prevented them from being ousted and turned back on to the sea. When this war ends we shall come to know how we might have won it more quickly. German industry should be Target Number One.

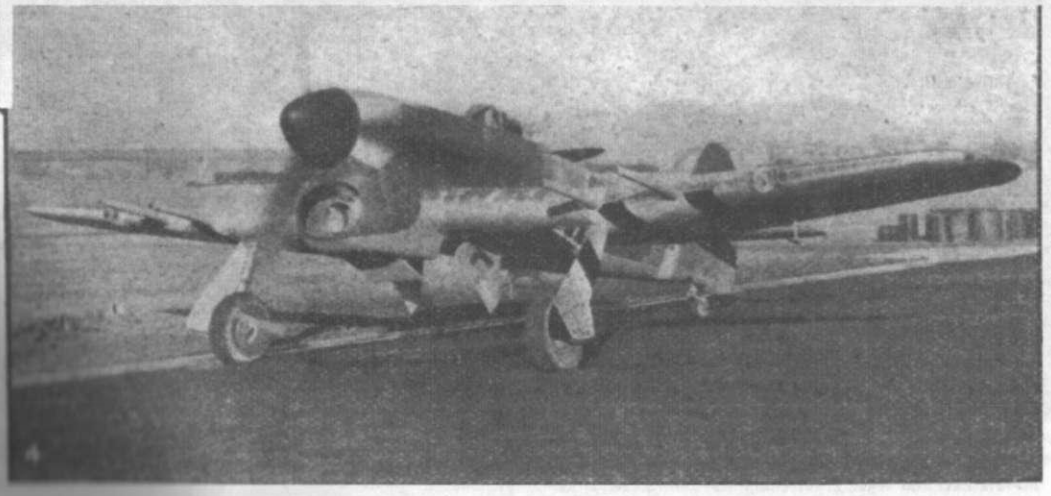
**THE BATTLE OF BERLIN**

| | Target | Bomb Tonnage | Planes Miss'g | Remarks |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1943 | | | | |
| Nov. 18 | Berlin and Ludwigshaven | 2,500 | 32 | Record force of nearly 1,000 bombers and larger force went to Berlin, dropping 350 4,000-lb. bombs. |
| Nov. 22 | Berlin | 2,300 plus | 26 | |
| Nov. 23 | Berlin | 1,500 plus | 20 | |
| Nov. 26 | Berlin and Stuttgart | 1,000 plus | 32 | All-Lancaster bomberforce. |
| Dec. 2 | Berlin | 1,500 | 41 | |
| Dec. 16 | Berlin | 1,500 | 30 | |
| Dec. 23 | Berlin | 1,000 | 17 | |
| Dec. 29 | Berlin | 2,000 plus | 20 | |
| 1944 | | | | |
| Jan. 1 | Berlin and Hamburg | 1,000 | 27 | |
| Jan. 2 | Berlin | 1,000 | 27 | Germans reported 730 bomberforce. |
| Jan. 20 | Berlin | 2,300 | 35 | |
| Jan. 27 | Berlin | 1,500 plus | 34 | |
| Jan. 28 | Berlin | 1,500 plus | 47 | Record all-Lancaster bomberforce. |
| Jan. 30 | Berlin | 1,500 plus | 33 | |

**NOTE:** The bomb tonnages given are approximate. Air Ministry reports do not always state exactly what tonnage was dropped on the main target, and frequently there were diversionary targets and mine-laying operations. The number of aircraft reported missing cannot always be engaged in the Battle of Berlin, for all Bomber Command aircraft missing in the night's operations are reported in the casualty figure published. A total of 20,000 tons of bombs had, however, been dropped on Berlin before the end of January 1944, since the real battle opened on Nov. 18, 1943, and it is probable that not less than half of Berlin's built-up area was devastated by the former date.

**THE HELLDIVER, LATEST U.S. DIVE-BOMBER, hit the Japanese hard in its first action on Nov. 11, 1943 when a squadron attacked Rabaul, New Britain, fought off some 80 Japanese Zero fighters, probably sank a heavy cruiser; a light cruiser and a destroyer and damaged another destroyer and heavy cruiser. The Helldiver, bigger and heavier than earlier dive-bombers, is an all-metal two-seater, powered by a 1,700 h.p. Wright Double-Roll Cyclone engine.** PAGE 604 *Photo, U.S. Official*

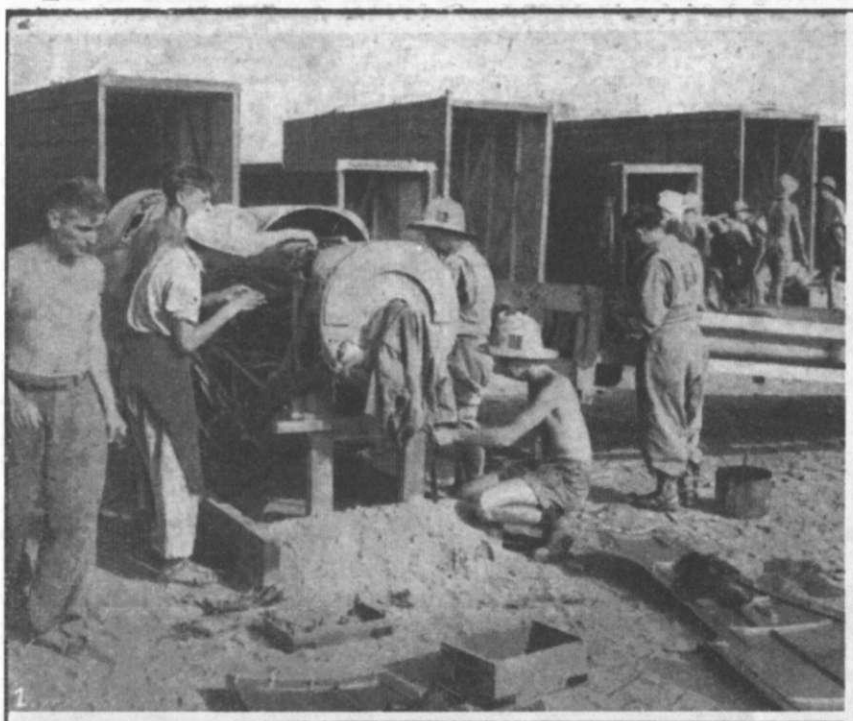
# Where Hawker Typhoons Take Shape and Grow

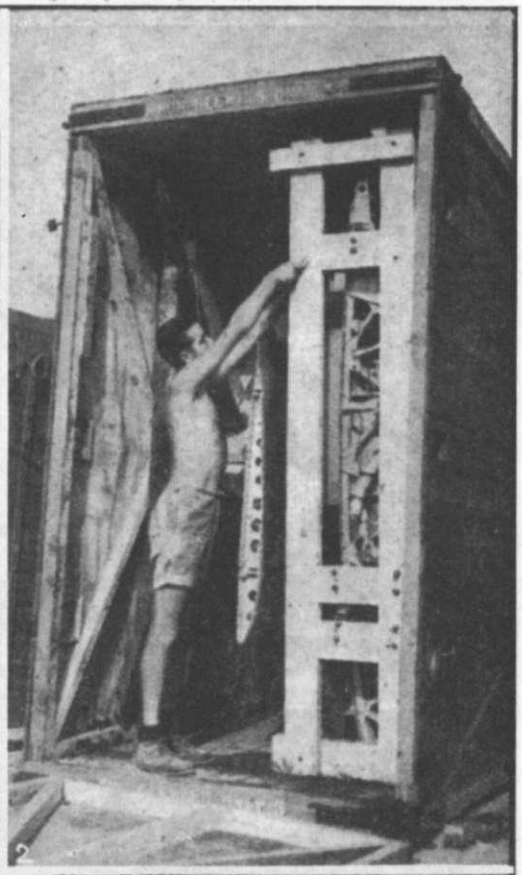


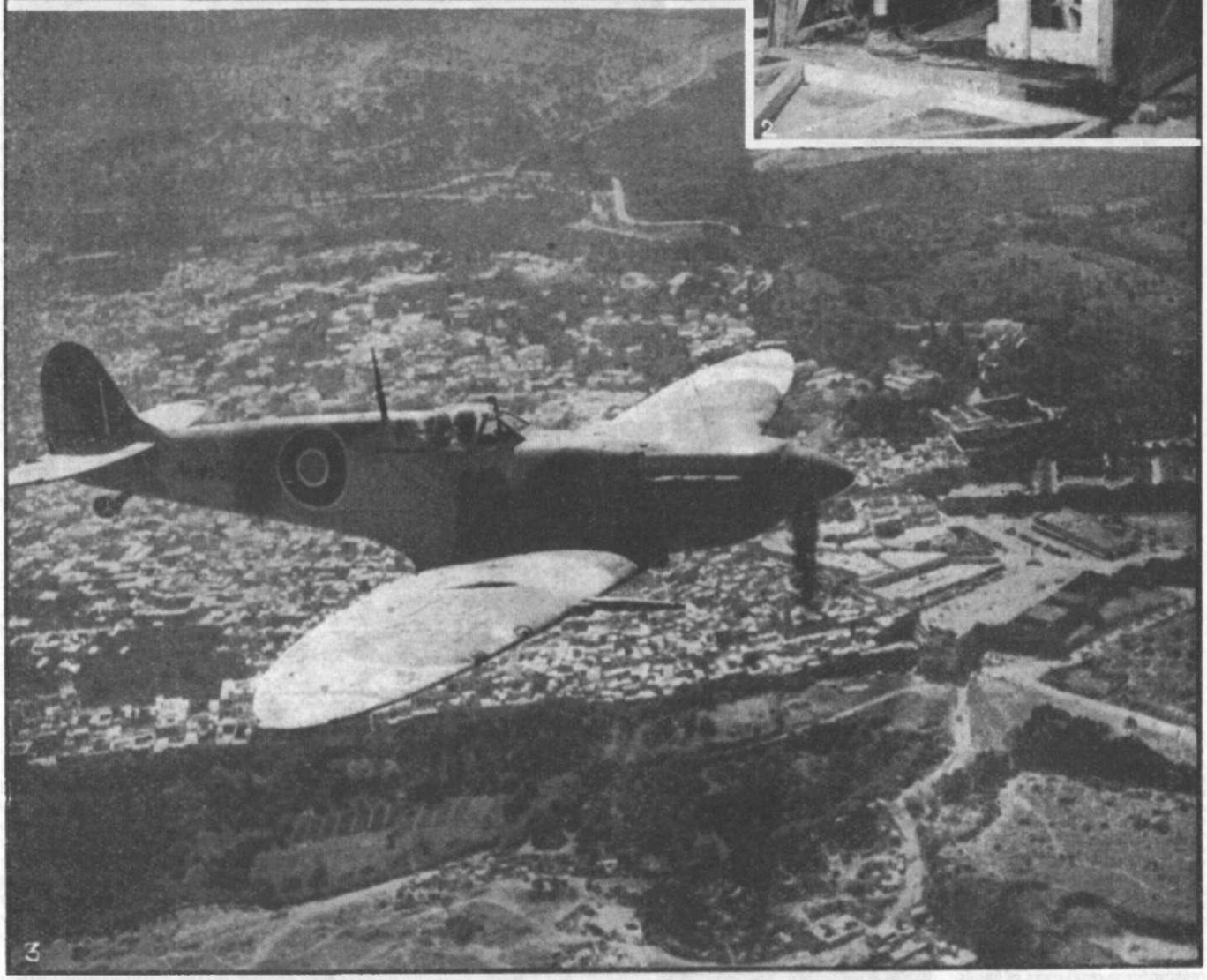
**FORMIDABLE FIGHTER,** the Hawker Typhoon is a development of the famous Hurricane; it went into action for the first time early in 1941. Speed is well over 400 m.p.h. and it has alternative armaments—twelve ·303 machine-guns, or four 20-mm. cannon. The fighter-bomber version carries two 500-lb. bombs under the wings. In impressive rows, on a factory's assembly lines, Typhoons progress towards completion (1); a woman electrician (2) works on a complicated instrument panel, whilst engine installation is a matter for several pairs of hands (3). A Typhoon complete and ready for action (4).

*Photos, Keystone, Topical Press*

# Spitfires at Casablanca Fly from Crate to Battle




**SEABORNE TO CASABLANCA,** important N.W. African Allied air base and one terminal of the Trans-Africa Air Route, crated Spitfire sections are seized by squads of skilled Service fitters and local workmen who rapidly assemble the engine (1), wing sections (2), and other components from the huge wooden cases. Test pilots give the planes a tryout; then ferry pilots deliver them in full fighting trim (3) to operational bases in Africa, the Middle East and Near East; the Spitfire here seen is flying over Fez, in Morocco.



*Photos, British Official: Crown Copyright*

# Editor's Postscript

WITH a deep sigh of relief large numbers of us greeted the First of February this year. February is not a month to stir enthusiasm as a rule. "Fill-dyke" country people call it. It generally lives up to Shakespeare's description of it—"so full of frost, of storm and cloudiness." But this year the new clothing coupons (kew-pongs, if you adopt the customary pronunciation) were available on the first of the month, and many who had only just managed to hold their suits or frocks together through January rushed thankfully to buy—not what they liked, probably, but what would at any rate keep them warm. The sale of underclothing must have been prodigious. For men this is the crux of the rationing problem. I know men who, once accustomed to tear off their vests and pants and hurl them aside, often causing holes or splits, now remove them as gingerly as if they were of priceless old lace. I know others who will wear shirts for the unheard-of period of three or four days. "I daren't have a clean one every day now," one of them said to me sadly. "They would not last any time, seeing how they are treated by the laundry, and I couldn't get any more when they are gone." He actually seemed to regard this as a hardship. "Think of what men in the Services go through," I exhorted him. But he only shook his head and growled.

MY note about the danger of placing haystacks near together (p. 479), so that if one catches fire they all burn, brings me a letter from Station-Sergeant Loats, of Epping, Essex. He reads my Postscript regularly, he says, and agrees with most of it, "though with a small number of its views I do not agree." That is as it should be. Then he mentions that as long ago as 1941 the Ministry of Agriculture made it an offence to put ricks within 20 yards of a dwelling-house, or within 20 yards of one another. I knew of this Order and based my remarks on it, deploring that it was not obeyed. Sergeant Loats says the duty of enforcing it rests on the County Police and adds: "We are doing our best to keep up with the mass of legislation thrust upon us and eagerly looking forward to the day when we can welcome our victorious comrades back on the beat once more." Yes, sergeant, we all of us share that eagerness with you."

SOME folks have been moralizing over the contrast between the high prices bid for cigars at auctions in London and the very low prices pictures fetch. This is said to be evidence of an increasing unhealthy "materialism," whatever that word may mean. If it indicates a preference for good tobacco over a bad or even indifferent painting, I am a materialist all the time. During the later Victorian age absurd sums were paid for pictures. Millais could make £40,000 in a good year. Even Wilson Steer, who was a rebel against the Academy and, unlike Millais, remained so all his life, and a really fine painter in my opinion, left £156,000 when he died, last year.

WAR has always been the enemy of artists. In Anatole France's novel The Gods Are Athirst, which I have just re-read, there is an eloquent passage on this. He shows how during the campaigns of the revolutionary armies those rich people who had bought works of art were ruined, while those who made fortunes were manufacturers of arms and ammunition, proprietors of gambling shops, and speculators on the Stock Exchange. That sort of person, Anatole France wrote contemptuously, doesn't like pictures and wouldn't buy them if he did, for fear of letting the world know how rich he was!

"FIFTH-COLUMN" is generally regarded as a phrase which originated during the Spanish Civil War and was at once adopted everywhere as a particularly neat description of traitors within the gates. Its origin is well known. There were said to be four of Franco's columns advancing on Madrid at one period, with a fifth column of Franco sympathizers in the city ready to collaborate with them. Now I discover that almost the same expression was made use of by the Empress Eugénie of France just before she had to flee from Paris when revolution against Louis Napoleon's Second Bonapartist Empire broke out. This was during the war of 1870 in which Prussia and the other States into which Germany was then divided defeated France, capturing Paris and imposing what seemed then severe peace terms. The Empress remarked bitterly, no doubt repeating what someone else had said, that, in addition to the three enemy armies moving on Paris, there was a fourth hostile army in the capital working in aid of the foe.

**NEW HOME FORCES C.-IN-C., Lt.-General Sir Harold E. Franklyn, K.C.B., D.S.O., M.C., succeeded Gen. Sir Bernard Paget (now C.-in-C. Middle East) in that post on Jan. 6, 1944. G.O.C. Troops in Northern Ireland since May 1941, he gained a reputation for toughening-up training schemes. He commanded the 5th Division at Arras in 1940, delaying the German advance on the Channel ports for more than two days.** *Photo, British Official*

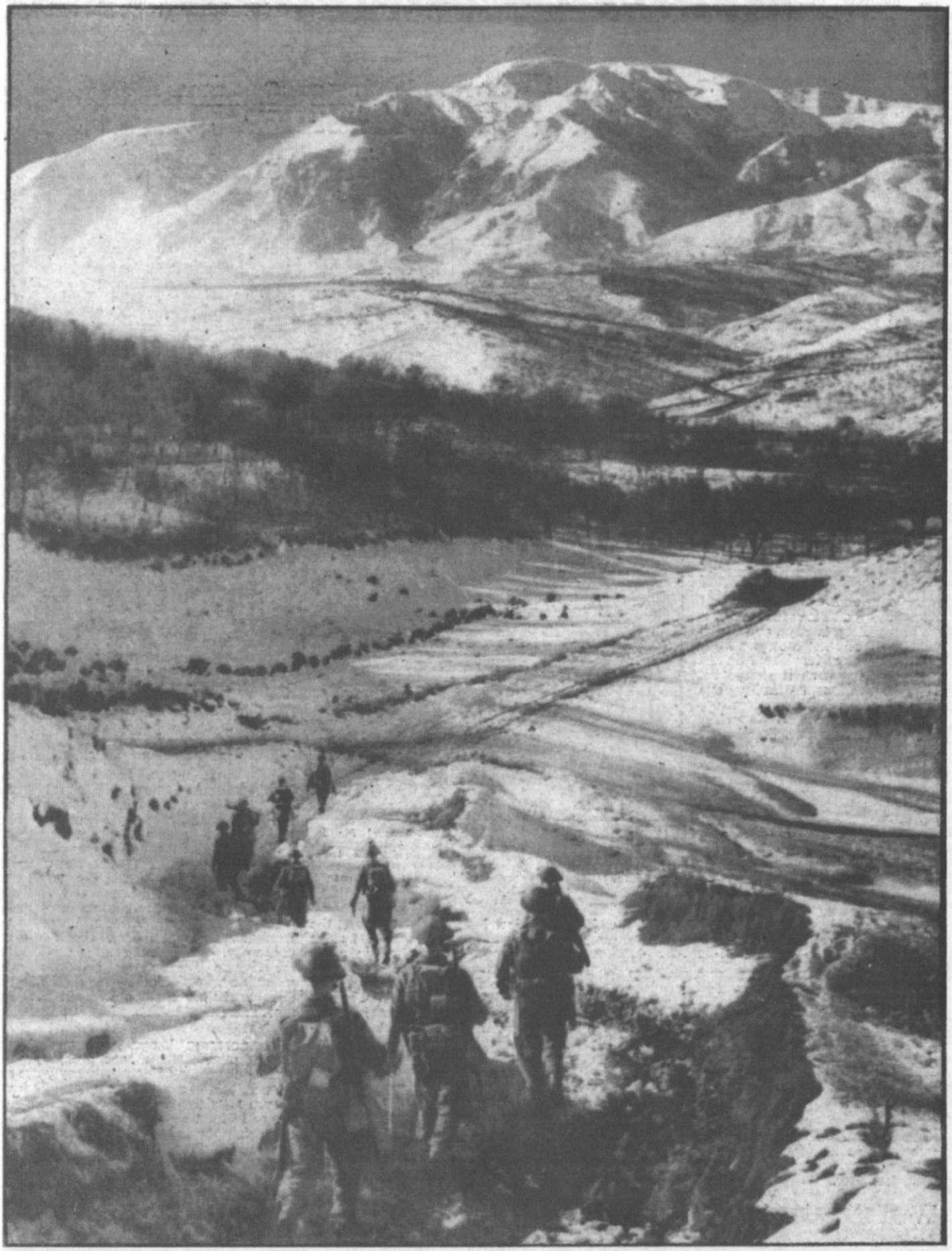
WHY do the men who are fighting our battles put up with this sort of treatment? A group of them returning from leave, some of them going to the Middle East, failed to find any room in third-class coaches on their train to London and got into a first. Along comes a railway official after a little while, when they had settled down in warmth and comfort, and turns them out. They had to stand all the rest of the journey in a cold third-class corridor, although the first-class remained empty. There is another side to the story, however, and that is the eagerness with which third-class ticket holders may be seen hastening into first-class compartments while lots of room is available in the third-class. Only yesterday an inspector came into the compartment in which I was travelling and quite rightly informed three or four of the eight occupants that there were lots of third-class seats farther on.

WHEN soldiers leaving England at the outset of the war sang "Good-bye, Leicester Square," that open space in the very heart of London was as they had always known it: a garden with patches of grass and flower-beds and railings round it. Now the railings have gone and there are paths all over it. Almost no traces of the garden remain. To the discussion as to whether the railings should be replaced whenever that becomes possible and the former look of the Square restored, the late Sir Edwin Lutyens, the eminent architect, who was President of the Royal Academy, contributed a good idea. He offered to prepare a new design which he would present to London and which might easily be an improvement on the old lay-out. Presumably it would still be more or less a garden, since he said he could count on the advice of the Institute of Landscape Architects. And it could be turned into a much more attractive garden than the one which was laid out seventy years ago by a financier of the day named Albert Grant, who called himself Baron Grant.

FOR a long time before 1874 Leicester Square had been a disgrace to London. It was a refuse-heap; it was a frequent butt for the sarcasms of Punch. The owners would do nothing to it, nor would they let anybody else clean it up. That so historic a spot should become an eyesore and an offence to the nose was deeply resented. Once, as Leicester Fields, it had been a notorious place for duels (there is one in Thackeray's Esmond). Then it became a favourite neighbourhood for painters. Reynolds, Hogarth, Sir Thomas Lawrence, all lived in it. Later, the Royal Panopticon of Science and Art was built there, to become in course of years the Alhambra Theatre. There was a Panorama, too, and a Great Globe to teach geography. Towards the end of last century the Empire Theatre was built, and more recently a huge picture palace. So the Square links up the old London with the new in a most interesting fashion.

KALEIDOSCOPIC changes in the way we look at other nations have always amused cynical observers. Not very many years ago we were told to admire and like the Japanese—even after they had savaged and annexed Korea! In the days when Finland was struggling for independence against Tsarist Russia we believed the Finns to be a highly civilized people, and sympathized warmly with their aspirations. Now they are angling for sympathy again, as they see their ally, Hitler, is bound to be beaten. But one cannot forget that little more than two years ago their Press was cock-a-hoop for Nazi victory and looking forward to Hitler's "being able to lay hands on important parts of the British Empire." And they have copied Nazi methods of treating prisoners of war and interned civilians.

# Green Howards in the Mountains of Italy



**UP A SNOW-COVERED HILLSIDE these Green Howards (Alexandra, Princess of Wales's Own Yorkshire Regiment) advance to new positions. Among the first Allied troops to land in Italy, Sept. 3, 1943, the Green Howards have since been engaged in much hard fighting in the mountainous centre of the front. The 1st Battalion took part in the Norwegian campaign in 1940, and the regiment was represented at Dunkirk, at Gazala, where it formed part of the 50th Division, and at Mersa Matruh after the fall of Tobruk.** *Photo, British Official: Crown Copyright.*

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